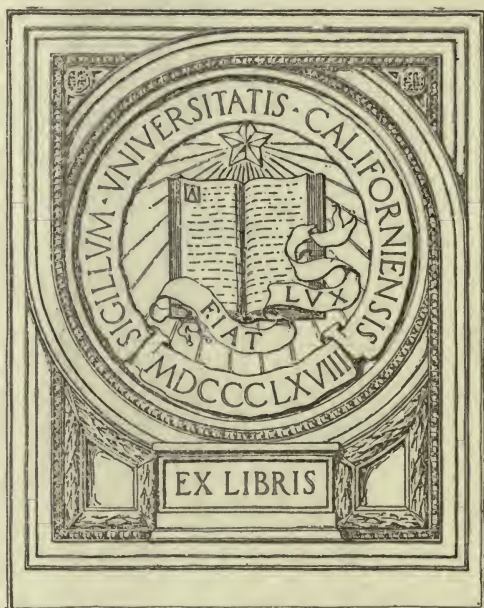


IN, AND ROUND  
YUNNAN-FOU

GABRIELLE M. VASSAL

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IN AND ROUND YUNNAN FOU

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YUNNANESE LANDSCAPE.

# IN AND ROUND YUNNAN FOU

BY  
GABRIELLE M. VASSAL



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MAP OF CHINA





## CHAPTER I

### THROUGH TONKING TO THE CHINESE FRONTIER

WHEN the Messageries Maritimes mail boat deposited three quarters of its passengers at Saigon before continuing its route to Hongkong and Japan there was great eagerness shown by army officers and Government officials—and perhaps even more by their wives—to know the post to which they had been ordered. Our long discussions on board concerning our probable destination were ended here.

My husband found that Haiphong was to be our future residence and that he was to serve in the military hospital there. We had hoped to go to Hanoi the capital, but as we were at least in Tonking which has a far better climate than Cochinchina, our desires had been partly realized and we were satisfied. Our best friends who had wished for Haiphong were sent to Hanoi! Such is fate!

Congratulations and commiserations had been more than sufficiently indulged in, when the next day we took leave of the friends who were to remain in Cochinchina and embarked on the Annexe steamer for Tonking. Along the coast of Annam we again deposited co-passengers and by the time we arrived in Haiphong the number which had started together from Marseilles had reduced itself to about a dozen.

The cool bright weather which greeted us in Haiphong sent up my spirits and I found every thing and every body delightful.

What a relief after the damp heat of Saigon.

Haiphong is the second largest town in Tonking and its chief port. There are mail and cargo boats to Hongkong nearly every day of the week accomplishing the distance in some 50 hours. Two French, one English and one German Company own boats on the line. Haiphong is also in navigable communication with Hongay noted for its coal mines, Moncay and all the region of the Baie d'Along, with Hanoi, Nam-Dinh, Dap-Cau and with the greater portion of the Tonkinese Delta through which the Red River and its tributaries flow.

In 1887, floating docks were built in Haiphong which was already at that time the chief port of Tonking and Southern China. As the commercial prosperity of the French Colony grew, dredging operations were undertaken and whereas ten years ago the mail boats of the Messageries Maritimes were often unable to reach the town and obliged to stay a day or two in the Baie d'Along, they can now come alongside any day at any tide. Ships of seven metres depth have now easy access to the port. Dredging is still continued actively and the Chamber of Commerce in 1910 contracted a new loan of 2,000,000 francs for the execution of other improvements. The traffic increases yearly (in 1909 it was nearly 2,000,000 tons) and since the line Haiphong-Yunnan Fou was opened a fresh impetus has been added to the port. When the Yunnanese realize the tremendous possibilities of this line and take full advantage of it, Haiphong will naturally benefit at the same time. It is the only opening towards the sea in a country as large as France.

As a town, Haiphong is neither picturesque nor interesting. One would hardly know one was in the East. There is no colour. The native dress is a brownish drab the same shade as their skin, their houses, their fields. The country all round is absolutely flat. For several weeks, sometimes months during the winter there is little sun and a drizzle known as the "crachin" is very frequent. This damp atmos-

phere in winter like the blazing sun in summer, seems to reduce all, people, houses and vegetation to the same neutral tint. It is a contrast to the vivid colours in Cochinchina. The houses are built on European lines; there are few bungalows, nearly all have one or two storeys, the streets are well kept, the roads inland in splendid condition. The town is surrounded by water; the port is on the Cua Cam River, on another side is the Song Tam Bac River which flows into the Cua Cam, and an artificial canal joins the Song Tam Bac to the Cua Cam transforming Haiphong into a sort of island. There are innumerable ferry boats but only two bridges which give egress from the town. Nearly all Europeans live on the island.

Haiphong is on the edge of the Tonkinese delta which is reputed to be one of the richest rice valleys in the world. It even vies with Cochinchina and Burma in the production of rice. And it may not be very long before different mining industries bring further wealth to the country. The coal mines of Hongay and Kebao, the zinc mines of "La Bordelaise" Society are being worked with profit and their output is increasing monthly.

Apart from the French, the foreign element in Haiphong is small. There are a few British subjects connected with the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company and different mining exploits, some Americans attached to the Standard Oil Company and a few Germans employed by a German Steamship Company. The "Chartered Bank" established a bank in 1914. Till then, there was a German, but no British Consul.

The French community number some 1200 persons while there are about 9000 Chinese and over 17,000 Tonkinese. These last, however, live in villages on the outskirts of the town; in Haiphong itself there are practically only French and Chinese. The menial occupations such as rickshawmen, coal carriers and the lower grade servants, are undertaken



by Tonkinese, but the shops are managed by Chinese, and it is they who are employed as clerks in the Banks and business houses, as foremen in works and on the steam boats, &c. In the native market the vendors are entirely Tonkinese but they come with their produce from the surrounding villages. This market is the most picturesque spot in the town. Here one finds animation and local colour in plenty. The native women deck themselves out in their best to come there. To their dismal black and yellowish brown tunics and skirts they have added a bright green or bright red sash. Their big flat hats which serve them as umbrellas in winter and sunshades in summer are laid for the moment on the ground by their side. These enormous structures are very curious but less artistic than the conical-shaped hats that both men and women wear in Annam. The women squat on the ground before their wares. Here one sees baskets of tangerines and oranges making a blaze of yellow, there, masses of lettuces, peas, haricot beans, tomatoes, &c., for the benefit of the white population, and a little further on, baskets of flowers for offerings in the pagodas. These flowers have a very pleasant scent but are useless for decorating a room as all the blossoms have been picked off their stems. For one cent you will be given four tuberosa blossoms and two hibiscus heads, or three pink roses and two lotus blooms.

Then the stalls containing Chinese infant garments, little coats, little caps, little shoes, and the toy stalls, make a fine display of colour.

The coiffeur corner amused us most. The shaver and the shaved squat opposite each other on a narrow plank on trestles. If either makes a sudden movement, both men with razor soap and the whole paraphernalia topple over. The position is precarious for such a delicate operation. It is a much more complicated matter to shave a Tonkinese than a European; attention has not only to be paid to

the lower part of the face but the skin of the forehead must be shaved also, extra hairs of the eyebrows must be tweaked out and the ceremony generally includes the cleaning of the ears.

But except in this corner of the town there is no real native element.

Both Haiphong and Hanoi are socially far ahead of provincial towns in France. People entertain far more frequently. The theatre and cinema which are large in comparison with the number of the white population are always full. A theatrical troupe comes out from France every year and divides its time between the two towns. It is ambitious and does not only limit itself to operettas and vaudevilles but gives creditably the well known operas and the new comedies of the "Comedie française". Far more interest is taken in games here than in France. Nearly all Europeans play foot-ball or tennis or ride. Good players and their methods are discussed and games are a frequent subject of conversation. Even those who do not themselves take part in any kind of game show enthusiasm for their champions, and spectators are never wanting for inter-club matches. This is not always the case in France.

The fashions are followed quite as assiduously as at home—in fact "show" is perhaps too much indulged in. Women seem to vie with one another in the richness and variety of their costumes. Economy which is the watch-word of French women in France loses its hold in the Colonies. Every family has a victoria or governess cart and mothers and children are to be seen every afternoon driving out to the zoological garden at Lac-Tray. There are far more children per family than in France and they keep well and healthy. One rarely sees the pallid complexions of Saigon. Those who become anaemic and run down in summer soon pick up with the cool weather in winter.

In Hanoi social functions are somewhat spoilt by the importance given to precedence both among Government officials and Army officers. The French who pride themselves on their democratic principles are always conscious of their rank even when not on duty. The Englishman off duty, in drawing-room or club, views all men as his equals and only makes distinctions as regards manners and education on the one hand or skill as a player on the other. In Haiphong, there are more business firms—more men independent of Government and Army control so that this spirit of hierarchy is less keenly felt than in the Capital.

The summer of the Tonkinese Delta is more trying than that of Saigon. There are many days when the thermometer goes up to 38 Centigrade in the day and 30 at night. The French do not fly from the hot season as systematically as the English and though hill stations are much discussed in Health reports and newspaper articles, there is little Government or private initiative to organize them.

If Frenchmen felt the same necessity however, as the English in India, to send away their wives and children during the hot weather, accomodation would naturally be found. Up to last year the only villas or hotels where any comforts could be obtained were in two sea-side resorts—Doson 15 miles from Haiphong, and Sampson 15 miles from Thanh Hoa which is on the railway between Hanoi and Vinh. Here the sea breezes make the heat more bearable and the change of air is certainly of benefit to visitors especially to children, but there is no real difference of temperature with the rest of the delta.

In 1910, the Yunnan Railway was terminated but few visitors dared to take advantage of it during the summers of 1911 and 1912 for the country was still in unrest owing to the recent revolution. My husband therefore sent me to Chapa during the hottest part of the summer of 1912. This is a small plateau in the hills above Laokay very near the



Chinese frontier. It was originally an agricultural station but the climate was found so cool that a hotel was built in the hopes of attracting visitors. It was just finished when I went up there. The climb up the rough and steep mountain path from Laokay had to be done on horse-back or in a chair carried by Chinese coolies and took a whole day. The climate was cool but damp, continual mountain mists hid the view and rain sometimes continued for several days running. It was a very lonely spot. The natives, Manns and Khas, live in small scattered villages numbering only half a dozen huts. It was difficult even to find the paths leading to them. The lack of daily postage and a telegraph office was what I missed most. Beyond the hotel a Company of the Foreign Legion were building temporary barracks but except for this small group of soldiers, their officer, and the hotel visitors there were no Europeans resident there.

In 1913, a hotel was opened at Tam-Dao in the hills above Vinh Yen. This spot is not at a great altitude—900 metres—and it is very shut in, being built in the midst of forest-covered hills. It is possible to look down on one side into the plain but the steep mountains, towering above on the other three, prevent the feeling of freedom and life given by a vast horizon. Few paths have as yet been cut through the forest so walks and rides are limited. It has the great advantage however of being within easy reach of Hanoi, and many residents have built small villas around the hotel. It is possible, leaving Hanoi in the early morning, to be at Tam-Dao for lunch. The climate here as at Chapa is damp with frequent rain and mists but the temperature is much lower than in the plain and one does not suffer from the heat. Husbands can join their wives from Saturday till Monday and there is constant and quick communication. It will probably become a favorite summer resort.

Neither of these places can compare however with Yunnan Fou either as regards climate or interest and if the Railway



Company would inaugurate a few night trains so that the journey might take one and a half instead of three days, there is no doubt that it would be far the most popular resort of the three. I spent the summer of 1913 up there. My husband obtained a month's leave and was able to come up with me. The journey was most interesting, and except for the terrible heat during the first two days we enjoyed it very much.

The three hours train journey from Haiphong to Hanoi took us through the centre of the Tonkinese Delta. An even surface of rice fields stretched away on either side as far as one could see. Every inch was cultivated. Space seemed even to be grudged the villages, for they were cramped inside high bamboo hedges which hid even the roofs of the houses. The only buildings visible were a few small native temples which had been built wherever a mound or portion of uneven ground had made cultivation difficult.

Towards five o'clock we reached the Paul Doumer bridge which is among the ten longest in the world. The train was going slowly and as I stood at the open window gazing down on the river, its iron pillars with their hanging chains seemed never ending. After passing over one broad sheet of water we went over dry land again where cattle and oxen were feeding on grass and small stunted trees. Then again water lay beneath us and one realized that this intervening stretch of dry land must be often flooded and the river arms join. Sampans were lying on the banks of the river and here and there were groups of native huts on rafts which rose and sank with the changes in the tide.

Soon after, we went over the outskirts of Hanoi, and looked down into a medley of small native houses with children running about or squatting in the little square courtyards. All was drab colour but without the dirty appearance given by the smoke as in the suburbs of our



CHINESE ARCHITECTURE ON A STEEP MOUNTAIN SIDE.



OLD BRIDGE OVER THE IMPERIAL CANAL.



large European towns. Occasionally a Hibiscus hedge with its big blood-red drooping blossoms or a purple-flowered Bougainvillia made a pleasant contrast to the dull tones of huts and people. Attention had evidently been shown to the few flowering shrubs in the little courtyards but there was no exuberant vegetation such as one sees in a tropical climate.

Every now and then in singular contrast to these clusters of small houses and courtyards, we passed over a broad well made road, as good as any high road round London or Paris. One looked out involuntarily for motor-cars trams, &c. on such a high-way, and the shabby wooden rickshaws and buffaloe carts seemed quite out of place. Sometimes one saw a small dog-cart driven by a lady in a stylish Paris hat and by her side a very small native boy in white acting as groom, or again a minuscule Victoria drawn by two small but rapid native ponies, the coach man and groom on the box looking in their livery like two dressed-up monkeys. But even these appearances of our own civilization hardly seemed in keeping with such a road.

The native element in Hanoi is in far greater evidence than in Haiphong. The population numbers some 100,000 and here the Chinese are in the minority and do not enjoy the same prestige. The Tonkinese quarter of the town is teeming with life, and local colour is not wanting. There are whole long streets as in Canton selling the same article—the blue pottery street, the leather sandal street, the embroidered silk street, &c. &c. Many of these are vivid in colouring and are most picturesque and fascinating.

Europeans who, though as numerous as in Haiphong, represent but a small fraction of the population are grouped round “le petit lac” in the centre of the town. This little lake makes Hanoi most attractive and unique. It is not large—about half the size of Regent’s Park Lake—but the water is blue and limpid. Standing on small islets which

emerge just above the level of the water are native temples, chefs d'oeuvres of Annamese architecture. They are subdued in colouring, and perfect in proportion. One of them is connected by a narrow picturesque red bridge with the mainland. Round the lake are some wonderful old trees whose branches hang over and are reflected in the transparent water. The French have planted brilliantly flowering bushes among these trees and covered the gently sloping banks with grassy lawns which have added to the charm of the spot. They have also pulled down the native houses which advanced to the edge of the water, so as to provide a broad drive the whole way round.

Hanoi is the city of French Government officials. The Governor General has a palace there as well as at Saigon. There are splendid shops and a beautiful theatre—a small model of the Paris Opera-House. The broad well kept roads lined with trees with the big residential houses on either side, all surrounded by gardens, give an idea of wealth and comfort. One is only astonished to find the streets so empty, but this is perhaps due to the town being laid down on almost too vast a scale.

We left Hanoi early one morning for Laokay. I wished that some of the luxury lavished on the building of the station had been expended on the train accomodation. No fans and no ice with a temperature of 38 in the shade! At Yen Bay where we stopped an hour for lunch the train was left in the midday sun so that when we returned to it, we gasped for breath. The last four or five hours of this journey to Laokay was one of the most uncomfortable experiences we ever had in the East. The line too twisted and turned so much that several passengers were sea-sick.

The scenery was very much the same as between Haiphong and Hanoi, ricefields and again ricefields. Occasionally there were broad muddy rivers and large native towns with the French Resident's house in their midst.

The European-built houses always stood high above the small Tonkinese dwellings.

Some 60 or 70 kilometres from the frontier the character of the country changed. Instead of traversing an absolutely level plain we wound in and out between hillocks covered with dense tropical vegetation. There were numbers of wild hemp trees which much resemble the banana. They were in flower and the blooms which grow at the extreme top of the straight stems made them look like so many candles with red flames. A factory for turning these hemp trees to account has lately been built at Vietry by an American Company. The cord thus manufactured from the native hemp is a source of wealth to the Philippine islands and it is hoped that the same results may be obtained here.

Besides this low scrub vegetation the line from time to time runs through real tropical forest. One is awed as one attempts to peer in between these huge high trees. All is darkness and mystery. Nothing stirs. The sun never penetrates through the thick foliage and the wind can only effect the highest branches. It seems impossible for man to cut his way through such a forest, for not only is the thick undergrowth extremely dense, but twisting curling creepers which seize and strangle all they grasp, hang from the topmost branches making an impenetrable barrier. If we had less sun here, shaded as we were by the overhanging trees, the atmosphere was perhaps heavier than before; we seemed to be suffocating for want of air, an even more disagreeable sensation than the actual heat of the earlier part of the day. We looked at our watches every five minutes longing to reach our destination.

Every now and then we had glimpses of the Red River to which the line was running almost parallel; the stream is broad and deep here but the strong current makes navigation difficult. We occasionally saw sampans how-



ever whose owners were willing to risk the dangers of an accident for the sake of the rapid progress down stream. When this part of the country was flooded and the line destroyed in August 1910 even steam launches made their way up and down to Laokay daily. From Vietry they took two or three days to go up stream but only a few hours to descend the same distance.

We reached Laokay towards six o'clock in the evening. It had a pretty aspect from the train, lying in a hollow among the hills. The clusters of native huts on either side of the broad river, the magnificent bridge spanning it, the European buildings scattered here and there on the higher ground, were a pleasing contrast after the strange weird impressions made by the tropical forest. Though it was the last place I should chose to live in owing to its bad climate and low unhealthy situation, yet it was a welcome sight that day for it meant that the second stage of our journey was accomplished.



## CHAPTER II

### THROUGH CHINA TO YUNNAN FOU

I felt as if I had only just laid down when my husband, opening the door between our rooms, called to me to get up. It was 6 o'clock and the train started at 7.

The heat, even at that early hour, was almost unbearable, it seemed difficult to breathe, one felt one would be shortly suffocated for want of air. In Haiphong I had never experienced such oppression as that morning at Laokay and I pitied the officers on duty in such a place. It is considered one of the worst climates in Tonking but I daresay many of them came there by choice for, being a frontier post, they hoped to see active service.

In spite of turning my fan from side to side to obtain the full benefit of it as I moved about the room while dressing I was thoroughly tired and running with perspiration before I was ready. Unable to eat any breakfast we started at once for the station which was a few steps from the hotel. On the platform were a number of white dressed Europeans many of them there for no special reason. This early hour was the coolest in the day, so by common consent the more sociable portion of the community met at the station, and watched the departure of the two trains going East and West which left within a few minutes of each other.

My husband found colleagues on the platform and began changing medical opinions with them preventing me from making the more serious enquiries regarding lunch and ice.

The train had hardly left the platform when we found ourselves crossing the bridge over the Nam Ti river and going through the "Gate of China". This iron bridge 120 metres long passes over the Nam Ti close to where it joins the Red River. The latter river serves for many miles as a boundary between French and Chinese territory and on its French bank lies the military camp of Kocleou. From this bridge a good idea of the whole district could be obtained. On the river banks below us we could see the native huts of Annamese on one side and Chinese on the other. Above our heads on the mountain side were Chinese forts, apparently so well placed that if their guns were modern and in working order they could destroy Laokay in a few minutes. Behind us was the station and around it the greater part of the European dwellings, the hotel, the club, the Residence and Government offices. The clean well kept academized roads lined with trees around these buildings made a pleasant contrast to the filth and disorder of the Chinese and Annamese quarters. In front of us was Hokeou, the Chinese town proper hardly differing from the rest of Laokay except that there were more Chinese in the streets. Few Chinese live in Laokay for it costs them 6/- a head to enter French territory. Crossing the bridge at the same time as ourselves on the foot-way close to the rails were numbers of natives with loaded baskets. There were not only Chinese and Annamese, but Lolos and Mans, Thos and Khas, and the variety of colour and costume made the scene most picturesque. It was the big market day of Hokeou and all were on their way to it. Besides the regular market every fifth day customary in most centres of Tonking and China, a specially large one is held there from time to time, and on these occasions one meets representatives of every race in the district. We were very sorry not to have time to visit it for it is considered a most interesting sight.

Five minutes after leaving Laokay platform, our train

stopped at Hokeou station for here the Chinese Customs House officers examined our baggage. We followed a young Chinese in European dress to the luggage van with our keys and pointed out our boxes. He asked us if we had anything to declare. We mentioned some cartridges and some wine. After enquiring about the quantity he whispered to us to say nothing about them. If his colleagues heard us mention these things we should have to open all our belongings and he did not consider it necessary. We returned to our compartment rather surprised at this attitude, but thankful to have escaped all bother.

A few miles out of Laokay we entered a narrow gorge and for several hours the line followed the curves of the Nam Ti keeping quite close to the bed of the river. The steep hills on either side were forest-covered except here and there towards the top where one saw crags of bare gray rock. Occasionally we caught sight of bands of monkeys sitting on the stones by the river's edge or swinging on the branches above it. They had evidently come down to drink. The water falls and rivulets which add so much to the charm of the scenery later in the year were all dry on our way up to Yunnan Fou in the first week of June.

At Lahati, some 70 kilometres from Laokay the gradient became very steep and we began to go through tunnels, cross bridges over ravines, and skirt precipices.

One had the thrills of half nervous excitement which one experiences in travelling in Switzerland. How had engineers dared to conceive a bridge at such a corner, an embankment on such a slope, how had contractors dared to undertake the fulfilment of such an enterprise? In Switzerland for example every facility is given them. The goodwill of the people, is guaranteed, housing and provisioning offer little difficulty, unskilled labour is in a way skilled for all know how to handle shovel and pick. The workmen are easily procured easy to manage, healthy



and happy, used to the land and the conditions of work. The maps of the country are correct, any missing instrument can be procured at a moment's notice, every thing is within easy reach. But here—what a difference! The indomitable perseverance which must have been shown by all to carry the work through, is the upper most thought in one's mind during those two days travel to Yunnan Fou. There are pieces of engineering skill for which I have felt greater wonder and awe but I have never felt more the pluck of the workers, the daring of those who planned it and the faith of those who financed it and carried it out. Everything, customs, climate, labour, must have been against them, apart from the nature of the country.

Lunch was served to us in the train but as we happened to be going through the best part of the scenery, it was rather an agitated meal. Not that we could have enjoyed it much sitting still. No comfortable chairs, no electric fan, no table-cloth; all the courses which should have been hot were cold and the cold tepid. The little Annamese boy waiter placed his dishes one on the top of the other as he hastened in and out of the compartment; it was not appetising to see your ham squashed under a plate of potatoes or your cheese flattened out by a dish of fruit. Whenever the rolls of bread or the forks slipped on to the dirty carriage floor he would hurriedly pick them up but still . . . . After a little hesitation we made up our minds to eat all the same but it was easier said than done, for just as you had a piece of beef on your fork and were putting it into the salt, the train could disappear into a tunnel and the complete darkness (for there were no lamps lit) forced you to abandon your mouthful. And one could not swallow for some little time after passing through a tunnel. The smoke rushed in by all the windows choking and blinding you. Ordinary engine smoke is bad enough but the coal which is burnt along this railway comes from the mines

of Yunnan and is full of sulphur. It suffocates you, so that you can hardly breathe much less swallow dry bread or tough chicken.

Then in the rush of light, as the smoke cleared away there was invariably a new view to be admired. An excited call to come and look at something—quite different and more extraordinary than ever—drew us from our seats and, nobody daring to show lack of interest, there was a scramble to one of the windows. After five minutes of exclamations of wonder and delight, we squashed down into our places again, and had to begin by repairing the damage done by our hasty uprising—a glass of water had always been upset, or somebody's heel had gone into the rice pudding which had been placed on the floor. With all these mishaps, we were still at lunch when we went over the most wonderful bridge of the whole journey. It is at kilometre 111. Looking ahead a short distance before reaching it, the gorge up which one is moving seems to come to a full stop. A great mountain blocks the way. Where will the line pass? Tracing it on ahead, one sees the rails suddenly enter a tunnel at the foot of this mountain, come out on an iron bridge 100 metres above a roaring torrent, and enter another tunnel. From there, one sees the line circling up the mountain side opposite till it seems to cross over the top.

As we reached the tunnel we all installed ourselves at the windows and waited impatiently for the bridge. Hardly out of the darkness we heard the hollow rattle of this huge network of metal which stretched up from the valley below. A man—a European—was climbing up the iron scaffolding. He looked like a fly in a large spiders web and gave us an idea of the immensity of the structure. The main support of this bridge did not come from below. Two great supports of iron came straight out from the mountain side like long arms and joined in the middle of the abyss. The rails had then been laid upon them. The boldness of the conception thrilled us.

Between two and three we reached the plateau of Mongzeu and for a time the line was straight with no bridges or tunnels. This vast plain was covered with rice fields and dotted about with villages of which the flatroofed houses looked as if made of mud. From here onwards, it is true, the bricks were not baked, only sun dried so retained their earthy colour. Mongzeu which was pointed out to us in the centre of the plain seemed hardly larger than other villages. This was our next stopping place, for the French Consul had invited us to stay a night with him on our way up to Yunnan Fou. We collected our baggage and left the train at Dragon Noir which is the nearest station to Mongzeu. The line skirts the plateau but does not cross it and we had therefore 6 kilometres journey through the rice fields to the town.

We found an Annamese gendarme awaiting us on the platform. He had in readiness a horse for my husband and a chair with 4 Chinese coolies for me.

The path from the station into the plain below was narrow, stony, and steep, so much so that after 5 minutes jolting, I preferred to walk till we were on level ground again. We were surprised that the population of this highly cultivated plain should be content with such a high-way. It was one of the most fertile regions along the line and the railway served not only for the transport of cereals but for the out-put of the famous tin-mines which are every day growing more prosperous. Yet the only means of access to the station was this rough path. At present, plans are being made for a line to be constructed between the mines at Kiotiéou and the main railway. When this is done the inhabitants of Mongzeu hope that a deviation will be made to include their town, but the Chinese are so desultory in their dealings, that it may still be long before their wishes are realized. In the meantime all are content to leave their rough highway as it is.



On our return, after 3 months in Yunnan Fou, this fact no longer struck me as curious. Like the Chinese I had begun to think that a path or road which had been good enough for centuries was good enough for the present generation, and that if packhorses could manage to climb it, no improvement was necessary. One accustoms oneself so quickly to the ways of a country that very soon I had ceased to sigh for a rickshaw, a carriage, or a motor car, and though I continued to hate the paved roads I could not imagine anything else. The Chinese never mend or broaden a road, nor make a new one.

The Mandarins, leaving the station in chairs like myself, did not seem incommoded by the sudden swerves and shocks of this mode of conveyance at any rate they remained seated. If they were able to stand such shakings they were surely perfectly immune from sea sickness.

The horses did not seem to find any difficulty in making the descent. These small native ponies have the sure-footedness of the cat or goat and they hardly stumble or slip on ground where a European horse would not even venture. The Chinese riders in their blue costumes, with their round, black and red bead-tassled caps and their red carpeted saddles made a picturesque group as they descended the hill in single file. They guided their ponies with a rein which was fastened to the bit on one side only. They could pull their steed to the right but not to the left or vice versa. To stop, they probably had to pull him completely round. All the ponies had small bells attached to their collars which made a pleasant jingle.

In the plain I mounted in my chair again and the coolies started off at a quick trot through rice and maize fields. The sun was still hot and very glaring, more glaring than in the Delta for the air was dryer and clearer. Then too, its rays were so slanting that the chair shade above my head did not protect me. It was curious that at an altitude



of 1300 metres I should be feeling the sun more than in Haiphong. I was not in perspiration as I should have been there and yet I felt more scorched and blinded than usual.

But my discomforts were forgotten in the interest afforded by Chinese life in the fields. The first picture was most amusing and has remained in my memory. The rice fields were irrigated by small channels of water which became wider and deeper where they turned off at right angles. At one of these corners a woman was kneeling, bending over the water washing clothes. She scrubbed away at them on a flat stone. On her back, a baby was tied whose little head waggled from side to side with her every movement. It did not seem to object to this curious cradle or rough rocking for it was fast asleep. The woman before starting operations had pegged a huge sunshade into the ground behind her which shaded herself and her infant. It was the big umbrella which attracted my fancy most. Chinese women are then more practical than Annamese women and more thoughtful for their comfort! But would it not have been simpler still, to fetch water than to carry dirty clothes, a big umbrella, and a baby into the ricefields. There was not a native hut within a mile. Nevertheless the woman seemed contented with her work, her fat red face glowed with pride as, turning to place her well washed garments on the grass by her side, we caught a full glimpse of her expression. She was dressed in blue trousers and tunic; her hair, in a tight knot at the nape of her neck, was held firm by a blue enamelled pin.

Groups of women were here and there working in the rice fields or sitting together chatting, having probably finished their day's task.

About 4 we reached what I first thought was a village like others we had passed through, till I suddenly caught sight of a high wall and guessed that this must be Mongzeu. This is a town of some 15,000 inhabitants with a European

Colony, nearly all French, of about 60 persons. Mongzeu unlike Yunnan Fou is an "open port". The maritime customs, the French Consulate, the French hotel and trading stores, the railway company's buildings, are all constructed on territory owned by the French. Customs are collected on the imports from Tonking—chiefly cotton yarn—and on the tin and opium which are the principal exports.

Instead of penetrating the walled enclosure as I expected, my coolies carried me down a side-street to the right, and suddenly dropped me in front of a covered porch with huge double wooden doors at the further side. They were riddled with holes as large as a penny, which reminded me that the French Consulate had twice been attacked by the Chinese who had left the marks of their bullets.

The calls of the coolies brought a Tonkinese gendarme to a side-door in the porch and we entered into the Consulate garden. It was at once evident that this garden had been laid out by a Frenchman. The symmetry of hedges and flowerbeds, the broad straight gravel paths at right angles to each other, the small round cemented pond with its fountain, reminded one in a modest way of the large country house gardens round Paris. The house itself with its two wings at right angles to the main building was also unmistakably French.

Mr. Flayelle, the Consul, after a few words of welcome, showed us to our room in the rightwing and we were allowed to refresh ourselves immediatly by a warm bath.

After a cup of tea Mr. Flayelle accompanied us into the Chinese town.

We passed through the great arch-way which led to it with difficulty for just inside a Chinese policeman was carrying on a heated discussion with an individual on horseback. A crowd had collected and was listening open mouthed and open eyed. Occasionally the restive pony backed or dashed a few steps forward scattering the people

around. It was annoying to understand nothing of the subject of the quarrel.

We walked alongside the high fortress wall. There was a little open space covered with green grass at the foot of the walls, and here all the little Chinese boys of the town seemed to have collected to play. There was quarreling, playing, laughing, fighting, all going on at the same time; children chasing each other, rolling each other over on the grass, clambering up the bank which protects the walls on the interior of the town and sliding down them. Most of them had laid aside their little tunics and were naked to the waist.

The little girls were mostly sitting by their mother's side on the door steps of their homes. They did not play with their brothers.

But after a few hundred yards I was obliged to abandon this interesting stroll and return home. Unprepared for Chinese pavements I had put on high-heeled evening slippers and found it impossible to walk. Already tired with the journey I was incapable of the effort of walking under such difficulties. After nearly twisting my ankle twice, I gave up the attempt and returned to the Consulate.

The next morning we ventured within the walled city alone. We strolled about taking photographs and spent most of our time in trying to persuade children or women to come out of the shade of the porch or tree under which they were sitting, that we might get a good snapshot. The most characteristic groups showing native life, such as women sowing and chatting on their doorsteps, men squatting round a tray on the ground and eating promiscuously from the porcelain bowls of rice and sauces with their chopsticks, the buying and selling at the small booths were always in a bad light. The Chinese feel the sun like ourselves and when no shade is available, they stick up a big umbrella and sit under that. The strong lights and shadows in such



a case make a good photo impossible. If you succeed in dragging them into the full sun they will only stand there staring and making faces, you cannot force them to go on with their former occupation in any other place than the one they have chosen. It is most annoying for the photographer. It often happens too that they will refuse to be photographed at all. They hide their faces or turn their backs or run away, and you have to employ great stealth or ruse to obtain the view you desire. They will steadily refuse to tilt back their big hats which shade their faces. Often there is some child in the group who, understanding photography and wanting to be in the picture, will place himself just in front of the lens and completely hide his parents or companions.

That would not matter if he was a typical Chinese but these impudent young rascals have always some European garment upon them-either a tweed cap, or leather shoes and coloured socks, or even a shabby cast off coat and this incongruous costume, seen in a photo, would give quite a wrong idea of the ordinary street-child.

The Chinese streets too, are difficult to photograph. Being so narrow they are almost entirely in shade, and this is accentuated by the upper story always projecting beyond the lower one. But our great regret all the while we were in Yunnan was not to have brought coloured plates with us. On coming out East, we had hoped to do wonderful things with them but in Haiphong we found ourselves in an almost colourless country. Except for the green of the ricefields and an occasional sunset, all was drab colour, the natives, their costumes, their dwellings, the roads, often the sky itself. Such poor material did not make one feel inclined to tackle the great difficulties of developing and we had come without them. But here was colour in plenty. The rosy cheeks of women and children, the blue costumes touched up with red or purple, the green and various coloured

slates and tiles used for the roofs of temples and houses or as frescoes on either side of the doorway, the bright paper toys, the rich coloured baskets of fruit, the shining yellow leather straps and harness, the red carpet saddles of the packhorses. Wherever one turned in the streets, one was struck by the variety of colour. Black and white plates here could give no idea of the aspect of the country.

We returned to lunch at the French Consulate and early in the afternoon took our leave of Mongzeu.

A few hours by rail brought us to Ami-Tchéou where we were to spend the night. Ami-Tchéou is situated on a plateau some 100 kilometres square. Rice and the sugar cane are cultivated. There are also coal mines at the foot of the surrounding hills. These are worked by the Chinese who supply the French Railway Company and the sugar-refining factories near the town with coal.

Though Ami-Tchéou is in a high altitude it is well protected from cold winds and we noticed many tropical plants by the side of those of temperate regions. Many Europeans had vines which were covered with small grapes and thriving well.

After dinner, we made our way along an unlighted path into the Chinese walled town which contains some 5000 inhabitants.

There seemed to be no public lighting of the streets and the flicker of the small oil or petrol lamps in the native booths produced a most mysterious effect. The dogs were evidently unused to Europeans walking along the streets at that hour for though they left the Chinese alone, they came rushing out of doorways to bark at us as we passed.

There was little buying and selling going on, for the Chinese dislike an exchange of cash after dark fearing to receive false coin. The restaurants however were full. We saw shadowy forms round the small tables, some leaning over their bowls of tea or alcohol, others lying back full



SACRED HORSE FROM A TONKINESE PAGODA.



TYPICAL TONKINESE LANDSCAPE BUFFALOES CROSSING RIVER.



HELPING MY HUSBAND VACCINATE TONKINESE CHILDREN





BETWEEN MONGZEU STATION AND VILLAGE.



THE WALLS OF MONGZEU.



STREET IN MONGZEU.

length on the benches. The story teller at the back of the room with his high and low intonations seemed wound up like a machine and as if his voice would never cease.

Every sound and attitude seemed weird and mysterious in that dim light and I was glad to return to the hotel. We went straight to bed for we had another early start the next morning.

After leaving Ami-Tchéou the line enters the gorge of the Pa Taho a tributary of the Namti. During the morning we passed by several well cultivated regions—plateaux like those of Mongzeu and Ami-Tchéou but less extensive.

Just after lunch the train stopped and word was passed along that there had been a land-slide, and as the damage had not been completely repaired we must walk or proceed by lorry for a short distance. It was 12 o'clock and I had just lain down on the seat for a siesta when the summons came. I rose unwillingly, put on my hat, and stumbled out of the train after my husband into the hot sun. In my sleepy state I felt I had stepped into a pandemonium. All the Chinese coolies of the third and fourth classes seemed to have gone mad with excitement. They were hurrying to and fro shouting orders to each other, cording up their parcels and shouldering them. The lucky ones who possessed wooden yokes, fixed their belongings on to them and carried them over their shoulder. They kept pushing each other, knocking off each other's big hats, treading on each others cords, tumbling over each others boxes; each man hindered his neighbours' movements. They were evidently quite unprepared for this change of trains and as no coolies had been provided as porters for the fourth class it was a case of every one for himself, and they were seized with panic lest they should be left behind.

I wended my way as best I could through this excited crowd, receiving more than my share of pushes, but I had to hurry in order to keep sight of my husband ahead.

Suddenly, while endeavouring to dodge the corner of a tin box, carried by a Chinese, I received a great shock. As he came blundering along, streaming with perspiration, I jumped aside but instead of landing on the road I jumped into a ditch about a foot deep. Not only that, but I found myself standing on some living creature! My horrified exclamation was drowned in the squeal which immediately rent the air. I was standing on a fat black pig! About a dozen of these animals with their legs tied together had been laid in this narrow ditch and green branches placed over them to shade them from the sun. The branches hiding both pigs and ditch were responsible for my fright.

My husband was waiting for me beside a number of small trucks which were at the disposal of travellers to cover the distance between the trains. Each held two persons and when our turn came we sat down on the little wooden bench. Two Chinese coolies immediately began to push it along the narrow rails, and from a leasurly trot broke into a quick run. Then when a final thrust had given it a good impetus, they jumped on behind us, keeping their hold by gripping the back of our seat. It was very dangerous to go at such a speed especially with 4 persons aboard our fragile conveyance. We had no steering gear and only the coolies feet which they dragged along the ground, to act as brakes. At every slight curve I thought our last moment had come. It was wonderful we did not overturn. At one place the rails ran over a narrow bridge, and the rattle and hollow sounds as we crossed it were most ominous. I was reminded of my feelings in the mountain railways at Earl's Court and the Magic City and tried to reassure myself. There, I had been nervous also, but no accident had occurred.

Our lorry stuck nobly to the rails and we arrived safely at our destination. At the foot of an embankment the coolies signalled to us to leave it, and turned it over on the



bank. We then had to climb without help the last 50 yards to where the train was waiting for us. We found all our small baggage already in our carriage, and after counting every thing two or three times, we were at liberty to watch the coolies who were still coming along in single file labouring under their packages. One or two were being carried in chairs or palanquins.

A few hours later we came upon one of the prettiest views of our whole journey. We were crossing the highest part of the Yunnan Plateau along which the line runs (2000 metres altitude) when a large lake suddenly disclosed itself to our left. It was nestling among the hills, its deep blue water contrasting with the red earth and bright green of the hillsides. Here and there were trees on its banks and we could see the hut roofs of small villages on either side. This still blue sheet of water in this high region was a delightful picture to look on. It reminded us of the lake of Geneva, seen from Grillon or les Avants.

We were told that there were hot sulphurous springs here which the Chinese visited from all the region of Yunnan Fou. After keeping alongside the Tang Che lake for some 10 kilometres the line descended slightly, and we began to look out eagerly for the Chinese towers of the Capital, which we had heard described as characteristic landmarks.

For the first time since leaving Laokay the train kept a direct course without curves or twists and we were able to rest a little from the shaking we had all received.

The Yunnan plateau like those of Mongzeu and Amitcheu was highly cultivated; rice was the main crop when we passed across in June. We saw numbers of the famous peachtrees though not in blossom at that moment. Villages and pagodas were scattered here and there and every hill or slight elevation was covered with tombs. In the distance we caught an occasional glimpse of Yunnan Fou lake at the foot of a high range of mountains.

At last a number of grey-tiled roofs became visible and standing above them we saw the Victory towers. In a few minutes we should be at the end of our journey. In haste I tried to wipe off some of the smuts from my face and make myself respectable while my husband collected our baggage. A few minutes of pushing of trunks and pulling of valises, of opening this and that basket to thrust into them articles left on the seats, and we stood at the window calm and serene as the train came to a stand still. We were in Yunnan Fou.



### CHAPTER III

## THE PENETRATION OF YUNNAN AND THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE RAILWAY

THE province of Yunnan which appears in the map of Asia like a connecting link between India and China serves in reality as a frontier state between these two great empires by reason of its configuration. Enclosed by its huge mountain ranges, it has remained shut off from the trade routes of the world and with no outlet to the sea. For centuries there were only three means of access to the Yunnan, two by way of China and one by way of Burmah. France, in opening a fourth route through Tonking towards the South, has transformed entirely the economic conditions of the country and given it new life.

The northern route joins the great Chinese river, the Yangtsekiang at Itchang and Sui Fu; it continues towards the East following the river to Shanghai on the China Sea. From Sui Fu to Yunnan Fou it is 640 kilometres. But only small junks can ascend the river to Sui Fu, whilst rather larger boats are stopped at Itchang and steam-boats at Hankeou. From Hankeou to the Sea it is 2000 kilometres.

The second route also traverses the Chinese states of Quangsi and Quangtoun. It goes East following the Canton river by Pesé, Nanning and Canton. Many caravans frequent this Pesé route. The distance from Yunnan Fou to Pesé by Konangnan is 750 kilometres and the journey takes 23 days. From Pesé to Canton it is 1420 kilometres but it only takes 12 days as 500 kilometres can be done by river. To transport a ton of merchandise from Yunnan Fou to Canton by Pesé costs about 100 piastres.

The third route from Yunnan goes west into Burmah. The Terminus is Bhamo on the Irrawaddy. It is 828 kilometres from Yunnan Fou to Bhamo. This last town is three days distance by boat and train from the port of Rangoon. From Yunnan Fou to Rangoon one must reckon to take from 40 to 45 days.

The route by Bhamo is the British route. Although the Indian Government has sent missions to explore the East and the North, it was only by way of Bhamo and Burmah that any successful penetration into Yunnan was made. Indeed both by sea or by land that is the shortest route into India. For a long period England seemed, by means of Bhamo, to hold the key of the Yunnanese plateau. Railways were planned. One was to go to Koulong-Ferry. Later expeditions however proved that a railway across the three frontier rivers was impracticable. Lord Curzon, viceroy of India, confessed in a speech in 1903 that the hope of a railway from Burmah to Yunnan must be abandoned. In this struggle therefore for a sphere of influence, France was left triumphant with the Southern route which crosses Tonking to the port of Haiphong. This route was known to the Chinese from time immemorial but had always been neglected. It followed the Red River on which stands the port of Manhao situated 550 kilometres from the sea and 150 kilometres from the Tonkinese frontier.

✓ During the Mussulman revolt (1855—1864) transport by the Red River was abandoned by the Chinese because of the pirates who infested the country. Jean Dupuis who was in touch with the Imperialists at Yunnan Fou reopened the Red River for commerce in 1871. When the mandarins in Tonking hindered the movements of his flotillas he asked France to intervene (1873). This led to the establishment of the French in Indo-China. Since that time the French have pursued their plans of penetration into Yunnan with remarkable tenacity. Once there, the French

were in a better position than their rivals and the building of the railway between Haiphong and Yunnan Fou made their success assured. ✓

Let us follow this struggle through history.

The illustrious Venetian traveller Marco Polo, doubtless the first European explorer to cross Yunnan, traversed it from North to South and entered Yunnan Fou which he called Yachi. This was in 1272. We must wait till the 17<sup>th</sup> Century to find further traces of European explorers. ✓  
In 1658 British traders coming from Burmah tried their fortune on the Eastern frontiers of Yunnan. French and Italian Jesuits made their way in 1702 from the borders of Setchouen and Koeitcheou into the interior of the country. These were Duchatz, Leblanc, Bonjour, Fridelli and Régis. In 1795 two Britishers, one an officer, Lieutenant Woods, and one a Doctor Buchanan crossed Yunnan. Then in 1829 two British exploration parties led by Wilcox Boulton and Pemberton Richardson Grant penetrated the country from the west. From the same direction came a succession Englishmen. Hamay in 1835, Dr. Bayfield 1836, Dr. Griffith 1861, Dr. Clement Williams 1863, Major Sladen 1868, Henry Cottam 1876.

The penetration of Yunnan from India and Burmah was not only attempted by the Southern route. Gerard von Wusthof a Dutchman sailed up the Mekong and reached Yunnan by Laos (1850) while eleven years later Henri Mouhot followed his example from Bangkok. A French naval officer Francis Garnier understood the importance of Yunnanese exploration. A mission was formed with men such as Delaporte Thorel, Dr. Joubert, de Carné, Doudart de Legrée, of which he was the chief. After many adventures they reached Yunnan Fou in December 1867. Afterwards the party went North, crossed the Yangtse, visited Setchouen and came back to Yunnan by Talifou.

The return to China was made by the East and the party



met together again in Shanghai in 1868 after two years absence.

A little later British activity showed itself again in the person of Augustus Raymond Margary who, setting out from Shanghai, reached Bhamo in the extreme West. He perished, assassinated by the Chinese. England lost no time in demanding compensation and sent other missions. The names of some of the explorers who followed are the Hon. T. Grosvenor, E. Colborne, Baber, Gill, Cameron, Count Bela Széchenzi, Dr. Henry Soltau, Stevenson.

In 1868 Jean Dupuis reached Yunnan. He started from Hankeou, crossed Tonking, passed by Manhao and Mongzeu and arrived in Yunnan Fou after two years of travel. He found there Francis Garnier and Rocher.

In 1882 two Englishmen A. R. Colquhoun and Wahab coming from Canton crossed Yunnan on their way to Burmah. Wahab died before they reached their destination. In 1889-1890 Prince Henri d'Orléans and Bonvalot visited Yunnan and Tibet, in 1893 Dr. Louis Pichon was sent to make a study of the country.

From 1895 to 1897 the "mission lyonnaise" travelled all over the country and brought back information of the highest importance.

Prince Henri d'Orléans returned to Yunnan in 1895. He visited in turn Manhao, Mongzeu, Sczemaou, Talifou, Atintsé Saviga and the Miskim mountains.

Thus Yunnan, isolated for centuries, succumbed at last to European influence, thanks to the efforts of a succession of heroes, French or English, who had vied with each other in energy and courage. It now remained to mark out a route to the sea which should make this transformation effective.

This role fell to France. Her civilizing influence, but just established in Tonking, was henceforth extended into the Chinese province of Yunnan.





KILOMETER 112.

THE NAM-TI LOOP.



The construction of a railway from Laokay to Mongzeu and Yunnan Fou was by no means easy. Distrust on the part of the Chinese Government had to be appeased, the difficulties overcome, which the nature of the country afforded, heavy loans had to be contracted, and above all it was necessary in spite of every sort of difficulty to preserve an unshaken faith in final success. The enterprise was one worthy to do honour to the genius of the French! ✓

The "Railway Company of Indo-China and Yunnan" has published a detailed narrative of the laying of the line. It is most interesting reading.

The treaty with China in 1885 provided for railways in Chinese provinces. Already in 1887 a scheme for Indo-China in conjunction with Yunnan had been elaborated by the French Government. ✓

After the China-Japanese war France obtained from Peking, by the treaty of April 10<sup>th</sup> 1898, the concession of a railway from Tonking to Yunnan Fou. Two lines were proposed by the engineers, one by the valley of Sin-Chien, the region of the lakes and Sinz-Hsim, the other by the valley of Namti, Amitcheou, the valley of Pataho and Yleang. |

The former which was first adopted was condemned later in consequence of the absence of material for construction and the difficulties of the country. The final scheme was approved by the Governor General of Indo-China in January 25<sup>th</sup> 1904. It was a new one and far more costly for instead of 90 Millions francs as at first estimated, it amounted to 158 Million.

The work of construction began at once. In 1905 the scheme of organisation was completed in spite of the revolt of native tribes in Kotieou. From 1906 to 1908 there was a period of great activity. Thirty thousand coolies were at work at one and the same time. But in 1909 the revolutionary unrest in China reached Yunnan and threatened the line. The town of Hokeou on the Namti opposite Lao-



11 kay fell into the hands of the insurgents. The work was finished nevertheless and the railway reached Yunnan Fou on April 1st 1910.

The Yunnan line measures 465 kilometres from Laokay to Yunnan Fou. It is of one metre gauge with curves of a minimum radius of 100 metres. The maximum gradient is 1 in 40 on two sections and 1 in 66 on the remainder of the line. There are 155 tunnels of a total length of 18 kilometres and nearly 100 bridges of over 10 metres span. Other works include 3000 masonry culverts and 1500 retaining walls.

The line, after first following a tributary of the Red River, the Namti, crosses at a height of 1710 metres the basins of the Red River and Canton River. It then descends to Amitchiou, climbs up the gorge of the Pataho, then of the Tachento, crosses the high ground which separates the basins of the Canton River and the Yangtsekiang, and at an altitude of 2030 metres reaches the plain of Yunnan Fou.

Geologically the railway may be divided into three zones, the first, from Laokay to Milati consisting of schists and limestones, the second of Milati with its lake basin of triassic limestones and the third, beyond Amitchiou, in which carboniferous rocks predominate.

The difficulties of execution were considerable, for at the start the line Hanoi-Laokay could not be counted on. It was a country hostile to foreigners, unhealthy, and without resources. The work was directed from head quarters at Mongzeu an open town, which was then 50 days distant from Hanoi. The descent from Mongzeu was by a road called the "ten thousand staircases" which passed through Manhao. It took 30 days to Manhao. From there to Laokay one could at times travel fairly quickly by boat though at the risk of getting drowned in the rapids, but to ascend the river on the return journey it took twenty days. The work at the mouth of the Namti was the most difficult of all. As if the



obstructions of nature were not sufficient, to them were added terrible epidemics and a deadly malaria which took toll of thousands of victims. During the five years it was necessary to recruit a total of 60.700 men. In 1906, 15.000 Chinese and 7000 Annamese were being employed at the same time, while over 12.000 pack animals were needed. The work of revictualling alone can be imagined. The feeding of coolies for one year necessitated 6.485.000 kilogrammes of rice. Payment was made in piastres which had to be sent from Tonking. For one month, 500.000 of these coins were necessary representing a weight of 14.000 kilogrammes.

The medical service had to face immense responsibilities. There were ten big ambulances for the conveyance of 10.440 sick natives. Every European was in hospital five times on an average. Epidemics and sickness were responsible for or carried off 12.000 natives and nearly one hundred Europeans.

Though the line was less than 500 kilometres in length, the engineering works necessary were unexampled in their complexity. It is enough to quote a few figures which are eloquent of the great work accomplished.

The cuttings required 155.900 cubic metres of excavation and there are 16.598.531 cubic metres of embankment. A total of half a million tons of masonry required 9000 tons of cement. There are 3422 special works on this line, which means more than seven to a kilometre. Many were remarkably bold in execution and might serve as models in Europe and America. Engineers used every modern technical device but without the intelligent workmen and perfect tools at the service of great enterprises in other countries. Some of these works must be mentioned in detail.

The bridge over the Namti which unites Laokay and the Chinese town of Hokeou is a metallic bridge 120 metres long

and is the principal means of uniting Tonking and China. The engineering triumphs all along the gorge of the Namti follow one another in rapid succession. At kilometre 64 we find a bridge over one of its tributaries, then at kilometre 83 a masonry viaduct of two spans of 10 metres. The line soon rises on a gradient of 1 in 40 so as to surmount the precipitous *cirque* where the Namti rushes from fall to fall for a length of more than 1500 metres. At kilometre 83 there is a steel viaduct of 17 spans of 8 metres. At 95 another viaduct, at 96 an arched bridge of 10 metres span at the top Wantang falls, and at kilometre 111 the famous bridge with a three-hinged steel arch of 65 metres span. This was conceived and executed by the engineer Paul Bodin. It is a work of art of which there was nothing analogous in the whole world at that epoch.

## CHAPTER IV

### A GLANCE AT THE HISTORY OF YUNNAN

A very rugged and mountainous country, un navigable rivers and great difficulties of access, have all contributed to make Yunnan an independent province. For a long time the original populations successfully maintained a state of isolation which China was unable to penetrate. In the end, however, they could no longer carry on the struggle which had lasted for centuries and the country became a Chinese province.

Awaiting the development of the future China, the destiny of Yunnan must of necessity remain mysterious and uncertain.

It is only during the reign of the Emperor Han Kao Ti of the Han dynasty that Chinese historians first begin to discuss the Western regions of China. Yunnan is mentioned in their books in 226 B.C.

There were attempts at Chinese intervention in 106 B.C. and again in the third and eighth centuries A.D. The Chiefs of some of the independent tribes recognizing the necessity of union if they wished to resist against China, chose out and put themselves under the authority of a king. Soldiers and money were placed at his disposal. The most celebrated of these kings was Kin Lung who fought against China and took Tonking, after having plundered Hanoi and killed more than 40.000 of its inhabitants.

It was only at the end of the 17<sup>th</sup> Century that Yunnan



was conquered by China. This success was due to General Wu-San-Kuei who played a great role in the annals of the country. Having restored the Tartar Dynasty he acquired extraordinary powers and great credit at the Court of Peking. He took advantage of this to extend Chinese domination into the more distant provinces of the Empire.

Yunnan was pacified by force of arms. It was then a half barbarous country, little cultivated. Forests covered the greater part of the land where elephants and tigers roamed at will. The people were in a state of civilization far inferior to that of China. They had already however learnt to make use of the metals of the country and had manufactured arms. Although lance and sabre were not uncommon they preferred their bows and arrows.

Wu-San-Kuei pursued the conquest of the country with skill and method. Allowing the native chiefs a certain independence he succeeded in opposing one against the other. He gained the good-will of the people by his sound administration and a profound knowledge of their needs. It was an example of Chinese colonization at its best and was destined to leave a lasting impression. But the work of Wu-San-Kuei was not understood in Peking. Recalled in disgrace, the General made up his mind to retaliate by leading an open rebellion. He declared Yunnan independent. It was not until a few years later that the control of Peking was again established in the country.

Since that epoch Yunnan has remained under Chinese domination, a domination more effective in the towns than in the mountains but hated everywhere. There have been continual revolts.

The most celebrated insurrection was that of 1856—1873. It was called the “Mussulman Insurrection” because it was headed by the Yunnanese Mussulmans who had always suffered at the hands of the Chinese mandarins. Vexatious measures and cruel laws had always been enforced for their



repression. Public worship was forbidden as also the building of temples. In certain centres they were herded together like cattle.

These Mussulmans were originally connected with a group of Arab sailors who had landed at Canton in the 7th Century. After having pillaged the suburbs of the town they had followed in the wake of caravans of merchants or pirates towards the mountains and had settled in the high lands of Yunnan. They were called "Paultes" a name borrowed from the Burmese language the signification of which is unknown. In other parts of China they were called "Hoi-hoi" while they themselves claimed the title of "religious-people" (kia-mum) in opposition to that of pagans. There are, according to E. Reclus, 20 millions in the whole of China. Descendants of Tangoutes, Tartars, Onigours and Arabs, they form in no sense a homogeneous ethnical group. Whole provinces such as Kousou are Mussulman. The Rebellion however began in Yunnan. In the north it only became general four years later, in 1860.

Yunnan and Kousou were laid waste and the struggle, marked by terrible Asiatic atrocities and savage deeds, lasted fifteen years. On the Chinese side alone a million men perished (E. Reclus).

The principal episodes of the Mussulman revolution have been described by E. Rocher who was an eye witness of many of them. Let him serve us as guide in the dramatic history of this province in which thrilling details are not wanting.

At the beginning of 1856 the opening of a mine attracted a great many workers to Shits Yang Chang, a Mussulman district where the Chinese are hated. The latter succeeded nevertheless in taking possession of the best workings and try to exile the Mussulmans. The struggle begins which lead to grave disorders and bloodshed in the mine.

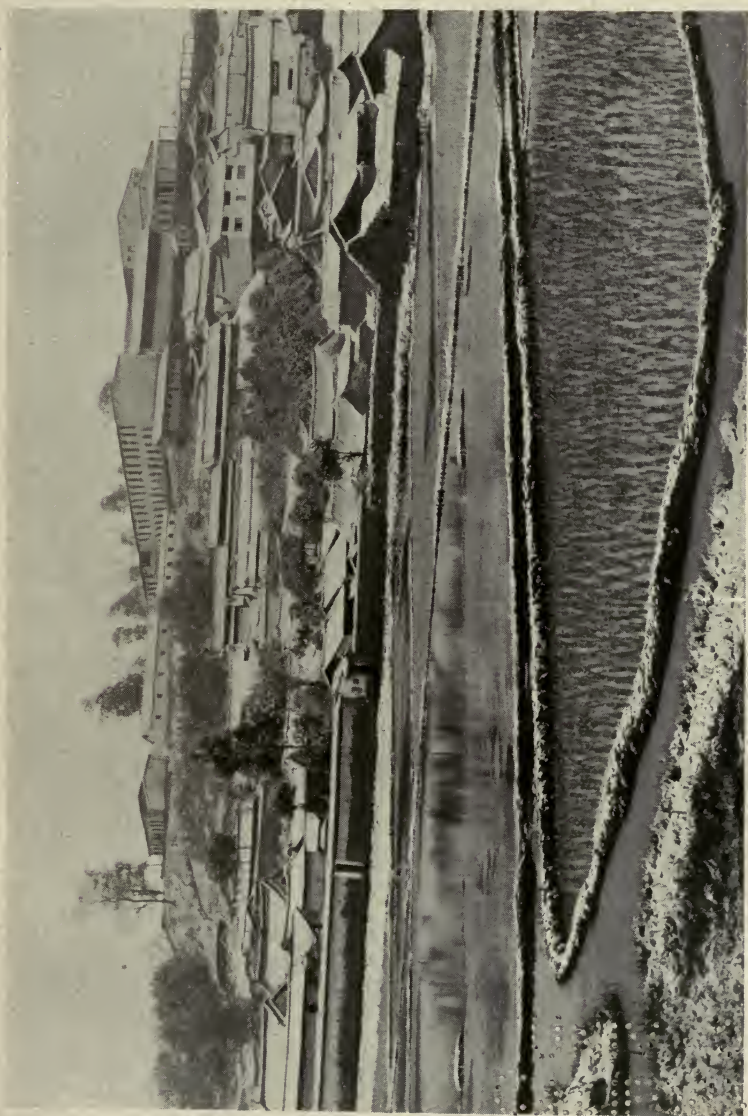
The Governor of the province frightened by his responsibilities commits suicide. The Chinese there-upon give vent

to their most savage instincts and a general massacre of the Mussulmans is decreed. It begins on May 19<sup>th</sup> 1856 but is only partially successful.

The Mussulmans capture Talifou an impregnable citadel defended by steep mountains and immense lakes. This ancient capital of seven kingdoms is as splendid and vast a town as Yunnan Fou.

The defence was organized. The Mussulmans gave the command to Ma Te Hsung a man who owed his ascendancy over his followers to his reputation both for holiness and wisdom. He had also travelled widely. He had been on a pilgrimage to Mecca; he could read the verses of the Koran in Arabic. From his seven years travel in Asia, in Egypt, and later in Europe, he had brought back a broad view of life which helped him to a clear understanding of the men and things of his own country. Ma Te Hsung, dictator, chose as General, Ma Tsieu who played a considerable part in the Mussulman Revolution. His family had intended him for the priesthood. He had been a pupil of Ma Te Hsung who had taught him Arabic. He especially excelled in all physical exercises and by them had acquired the strength and endurance which served him well in the hard career of war. A brother whom he loved was killed by the Chinese. This incident filled him with a deadly hatred of them. When he found himself at the head of an army of 20,000 men composed chiefly of Mussulmans and Lolos, no force could at first resist his fanatical soldiers. They occupied a great number of important towns among others Ami-Tchéou but they were repulsed before Mongzeu and Yunnan Fou.

The country was in the greatest state of anarchy and the government troops were quite incapable of restoring order again. When Ma-Tsieu realized this he decided to lay siege to Yunnan Fou. It was the third time that the unhappy town had been besieged. No resistance was possible. The



YUNNAN FOU IN WINTER.

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GENERAL TSAI.



CHINESE SOLDIERS DRILLING.



Capital was just about to surrender to Ma-Tsieu who would then have become master of the situation and incontestable ruler of the country when a most unexpected action on his part changed the whole trend of events. Ma-Tsieu betrays the Mussulmans and goes over to the Government. From this moment he is the most valuable auxiliary of the Chinese Imperial party. Henceforth he turns against the people of his faith and never ceases to be a traitor to them.

Ma-Tsieu, from this time forward, called himself Majulung a name which became illustrious in his struggle against the Mussulmans. These had been at first absolutely disconcerted at the base defection of their general but soon they found in Tu-Wen-Hsin a successor more worthy of them. Tu-Wen-Hsing became the true hero of the struggle for Mussulman independence. He died gloriously when all hope of conquest was lost.

The north of Yunnan was still in the hands of the rebels. They were solidly intrenched and sometimes sent expeditions against Yunnan Fou. One of these, stronger than most, at last succeeded in capturing the capital; the viceroy was put to death and replaced by the dictator Ma Te Hsung. Majulung however, who had been absent during these events, returns and drives out once more the Mussulman army. Ma Te Hsung there-upon also betrays the Mussulman cause and throws in his lot with Majulung. Majulung sends him North to negotiate terms of peace with the rebels but the mission was a complete failure and Majulung revenged himself by laying siege to Talifou. His army repulsed however with great loss returned to Yunnan Fou.

In Setchouen also and on the boundaries of the province the independent tribes were in revolt. The situation of the Government troops was becoming as bad as possible. Majulung, recognizing from his own experience that his soldiers were more than ready to pass over to the enemy, stopped the movement by wholesale executions. The Mus-

Mussulmans held the greater part of the country and advanced on the capital itself.

hah!

The Central Government at Pekin was at last roused and, judging the situation alarming, decided to send re-inforcements and subsidies. A new general, Fu-Sai was named. He quickly gained renown by the sack of the town of Cheng Chiang lying on the border of the great lake of Yunnan Fou. In the annals of this war where atrocities were the common order of the day, special preeminence must be reserved for Cheng Chiang. The siege of the town had already lasted several months when the besiegers conceived the idea of changing the course of a river to isolate it more completely. Vanquished thus by famine and unable to oppose further resistance the defenders fled. They left behind however the women children and aged to the number of some 6000. They counted perhaps on the pity of the conquerors for these non-combatants! It was a slow methodical and merciless slaughter such as the Chinese alone know how to organize. No old man's life was spared. They were given over to the soldiers who put them to atrocious tortures. The women and children were also tortured. Many threw themselves into the wells to escape their executioners. The viceroy to whom the honour of the capitulation fell, feared that these excesses might appear blame-worthy at Pekin. He therefore threw the responsibility for them on the Generals. These, furious, raised their swords threateningly against the great mandarin. They were immediately bound hand and foot and tortured under his eyes. And, according to Chinese custom, the families of these generals were hunted down, taken prisoners and put to death.

After fearful struggles, massacres and intrigues, after the sack of Kuang I and the occupation of Lui An, the last Mussulman citadel of Yunnan fell into the hand of the Imperial Chinese.

Tali Fou was practically at their mercy when Tu-Wen-



Tsieu the hero of independence decided to bring the struggle to an end. The notorious desertion of Majulung and Ma Te Hsung had been followed by many others and the country, ruined, was tired of the war.

Tu-Wen-Hsieu, betrayed by so many followers, sacrificed himself to save Tali Fou from the horrors of being captured by storm. The Imperial Government had promised to spare the town if it surrendered unconditionally. Without any illusion as to the fate which awaited the members of his family he put them all to death. Then he dressed himself in his richest robes and ascended an improvised throne decorated with curtains of golden yellow which is the emblem of sovereign power. The crowd acclaimed him for a last time and he was borne through the unviolated door of the Citadel in order to give himself up to Fu-Sai. This was on January 15<sup>th</sup> 1873. When the Chinese Governor saw the procession advancing he could not control his great joy. He signalled to the chair bearers to stop in order that he might triumph over the spectacle of the vanquished enemy. As there was no movement within the chair he himself flung aside the gold brocade curtains. Tu-Wen-Hsieu was dead. Before crossing the ramparts of Tali-Fou he had taken a poison composed of opium vinegar and peacock's dung which and done its work.

Fu Sai had the corpse decapitated and sent the head steeped in honey to the ministers at Peking. In order to get rid of the other chiefs, Fu Sai invited them to a great banquet, and at a given signal had them all decapitated. Then to prevent any tendency to create mischief at Tali Fou he ordered the extermination of the inhabitants. The number of the victims is estimated at 30,000. Fu Sai did not attempt to minimize the extent of the slaughter. The plunder that he is said to have sent to the capital is proof enough of this—17 heads of the most illustrious chiefs and 24 large baskets filled with human ears sown together in pairs

formed the burden of 12 packhorses. Some towns still showed resistance. Among the most celebrated defenders, Meng Hua Hsieu deserves mention. When all means of resistance were exhausted, he ordered furniture, food, grain and animals to be burnt and the old men, women and children to be poisoned. Then with his warriors he set fire to the four corners of the town. Finally they made a heroic sortie from which none returned. (November 1873.)

Thus the insurrection terminated at the end of 1873 and it left Yunnan ruined for a long period.

The establishment of the French in Indo-China marks a new era for Yunnan. China who had hindered their action in Tonkin still continued to send armed bands and regular troops from Yunnan. The treaty of June 9<sup>th</sup> 1886 which recognized the suzerainty of France in Tonkin had provided for railway concessions. For some years the French had possessed important information about Yunnan owing to their explorers Doudard de Lagree Francis Garnier, De Laporte, Goubert, Jean Dupuis, Morel, Rocher, &c. The first study for the Yunnan railways dates from 1887 while the concession is only given on April 9<sup>th</sup> 1898.

In June 1898 an anti-foreign movement arose in Mongzeu—an open port and the residence of the French Consul. The French Consulate was burnt, the Europeans insulted and threatened. The telegrams which succeeded in passing from Mongzeu to Hanoi were of the most alarming nature. The Consul declared that the French would be massacred if the troops intervened. A few batallions were mobilized at Laokay but nothing else was done. When the Consul re-occupied his post the question was raised whether he should not be given an escort to be re-inforced from time to time till a little garrison should be formed at Mongzeu. But the idea was not carried out.

Less than a year later the Chinese emboldened by French inaction rose again and this time obliged the French to eva-



quate the country and the Consul to leave his post. The country in which the French, by treaty, had acquired special rights and where their economic action was considerable, had perforce to be abandoned for nine months.

In August 1901 the French Consulate was again occupied. There was a pretence at official excuses from the Chinese mandarins and splendid promises were made. No guarantee for the protection of French colonials was demanded however nor for the safeguard of vested interests.

A few years later the Yunnan Railway by Namti, Amitchou, the Potaho vally and Tchang which had been approved by the Governor General of Indochina on January 25<sup>th</sup> 1904 was at the point of completion. On April 1<sup>th</sup> 1910 Haiphong was joined by rail to Yunnan Fou and the line was in working order along the whole route.

The Chinese Revolution of 1911 which terminated by the proclamation of the Republic had its effect on Yunnan. The revolutionary army commanded by General Tsai took Yunnan Fou. But the new regime was established without stirring up appreciable prejudice against foreigners and there seemed no sufficient motive for intervention.

From October 30<sup>th</sup> to November 20<sup>th</sup> 1911 the capital passed through a troubled period of which the events from day to day have been recorded by Monsieur Cordier.

The opposition of the Imperial Government was almost nil. The high mandarins conscious of their powerlessness organized no active resistance. At the last moment the viceroy Ly Kinh Che escaped owing to the action of 50 men of his guard who died to the last man.

General Tsong fell bravely. One of his followers avenged his death by killing with his own hand three revolutionaries. He was cut to pieces. The telegraph operators were massacred at their posts Chinese refusing to give up their machines. The treasurer Ghe, to save his family, left his hiding place, delivered himself up to the rebels and was shot.

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Hio-Tai Ye, the Minister of Public Instruction, much envied on account of his high rank as a Manchou was forced to commit suicide. Brought dying to the French hospital he was cured by Dr. Vadon, who later succeeded in protecting him from the hostile populace. Hia, Commissioner of Foreign Affairs, took advantage of the French Consulate, as did many of his compatriots, to ask for the right of asylum. Mr. Wilden in spite of threats of fire or death managed to keep these rights respected.

It needed all the courage and wit of our Consul to save the viceroy and it was a triumph when he was finally embarked for Tonking in a special train and actually saluted at the station by General Tsai himself. The other high Imperial mandarins passed into the revolutionary ranks.

The number of victims in the capital has been estimated at 200. It appears that the corpses were abandoned in the street, most with the belly slit up. The liver had disappeared. It is still a custom in China to eat the liver of one's enemy.

The neutrality of the railway was not violated thanks to the energy of the French. One Manchou officer was killed however in Yunnan Fou station and armed troops were sent by train to quell the troubles at Mongzeu.

In this town a regiment had revolted. The houses of Europeans had been looted and burnt. The French Consulate had been fired on by the Chinese. Today traces of shot may still be seen on the principal outer door.

The situation was more re-assuring at Yunnan Fou owing to the measures taken by General Tsai. The British and French Consuls had received notification of the proclamation which made China a Republic, and Yunnan undertook to keep order and to protect Europeans. On the night of October 31<sup>th</sup> an officer was sent officially to the French Consulate asking in spite of the late hour (it was one a. m.) for an immediate audience. Mr. Wilden was ill and could not get up; he was suffering from a wound in the

leg. The Chinese officer booted, spurred and armed to the teeth having put aside his equipment, was at length admitted. He informed the Consul of the intentions of General Tsai, adding eloquent declarations and opinions about Napoleon I and the French Revolution.

Who was, then, this General Tsai who seemed capable of directing events and of playing so leading and great a part in Yunnan?

Yesterday but a simple officer under the protection of the viceroy Ly, he was today Dictator, with all the powers of Commander in Chief and Viceroy. He is of Hounan origin and a member of an honourable family. He received a solid education and during his seven years in Japan he passed through the high military school of Tokio. On his return he was made director of the military school of Songtcheou and it was from there that the viceroy Ly sent for him to Yunnan to take command of a regiment. At 30 he became general of the 72<sup>nd</sup> brigade of the 19<sup>th</sup> division. His well-known opinions and great personal influence caused him to be unanimously chosen as the leader of the revolutionary army of Yunnan. As we have already seen, the conquest of Yunnan Fou and the overthrow of the Manchou regime presented no difficulty to him.

The difficulties began when the insurrection had to be suppressed and a new authority imposed. The soldiers well disciplined remained so when the capital was taken. They did not indulge in the excesses which marked the progress of the revolution in other towns and even in Peking. A few Yamens of high mandarins were pillaged but nothing more serious occurred. And it is noteworthy that the security of the Europeans was never threatened in Yunnan Fou.

The Chinese population was at times stirred by agitators who hoped to fish in troubled waters. The horrors which might ensue from the intervention of French troops was made



much of in order to rouse their excitement. Nevertheless no irreparable outrage, took place and calm continued to reign. Though it was settled to send away all the European women on November 24<sup>th</sup> it was only for a short period, and from that time to this the greatest quiet has prevailed at Yunnan Fou.

Mongzeu did no fare so well for there the troops mutinied. General Tsai sent for them, with orders to come to the capital by the winding mountain paths. At each halting place dangerous leaders were got rid of by summary executions. Two Colonels disappeared thus. The rest of the army was sent off on different pretexts to Setchouen and Koueitcheu.

The policy of General Tsai who remained unceasingly on the watch, thus the intrigues of his enemies and of the extreme parties. He has brought to the country an era of real prosperity. The fidelity of his guards permitted him to emerge safe and sound on the occasion of the "Arsenal plot" when a group of soldiers attempted to seize the arms. The vicetoutou implicated in the affair was given the title of "Peace-maker of the West" and a flattering mission which would keep him abroad and out of mischief for a long time. Above all General Tsai undertook with untiring energy the re-organization of the army. There are now actually two divisions fully equipped besides 40.000 men in the reserves.

The men are well-trained and one division is always in readiness to take the offensive. The manœuvres are conducted on Japanese lines. The Yunnanese soldier is dressed as a European. He is of solid appearance, well paid, and makes an excellent impression.

At Yunnan Fou there is a military school and also an arsenal where arms and ammunition are manufactured.

The reform of education and developement have been nowhere pursued with more method and perseverance

than in Yunnan. There are many kinds of schools and all frequented by a great number of students. Women, who were formerly refused, are now also received.

In foreign affairs the personal influence of General Tsai was also considerable. In order to get rid of contingents whose loyalty was doubtful and also to save their pay he organized an expedition to Tibet. It was successfully carried out and a treaty of peace with the Dalai Lama was signed, which proved of great advantage to Yunnan.

Setchouen and Kouetcheou were pacified by Yunnanese troops. One of Tsai's lieutenants was made viceroy of Setchouen. This province paid for his services by a contribution of 100 000 dollars.

Yunnan with its separatist tendencies and its state of independence might have played an important part in the South of China during the revolution. But General Tsai wisely resisted the suggestions of local parties and his own natural ambitions. In August 1913 he pronounced in favour of the Central Government and declared himself a partisan of Yuan-Si-Kai. In the recent struggles between North and South, his neutrality must have been appreciated.

Yunnan which in the past had proved nothing but an element of weakness for China, has become, owing to the wise Government of General Tsai an element of strength and stability. For Indo-China, the change has been fruitful of nothing but good, permitting as it does of closer and more economic relations.

## CHAPTER V

### THE RACES OF YUNNAN.

THERE is probably no other country in the world where so many different races have collected as in Yunnan. Cut off by high mountain ridges the various plateaux are almost inaccessible. Unnavigable rivers make invincible obstacles to man's progress. In early times, various tribes emigrated from Tibet. Others driven from their land by the Chinese or the Hindoos took refuge from their oppressors in Yunnan. These peoples developed for a long time side by side without intermingling in any way. Each kept its own language and customs and each remained free and independent.

1522 The first blow to their liberty came from China. It was inevitable that this powerful Eastern neighbour would in process of expansion come into collision with these minor races of Yunnan. Their incursions began twenty centuries ago but it was not till the 17<sup>th</sup> Century that a regular campaign was undertaken by General Wu-San-Kuoi. Even today the Chinese only comprise one third of the Yunnanese population and many of the more ancient tribes have managed to retain their independence.

There had been nevertheless an attempt at political unity in the 8<sup>th</sup> Century when Piloko, gathered under his rule the six principal Yunnan principalities.

On the western side however all endeavours at penetration were unsuccessful due probably to the barrier made



by 3 parallel rivers the Seu-mai-Kai-Kiang, the Salouën and the Mekong. On the contrary the Thai solidly established in Yunnan overflowed into Burmah.

At the beginning of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century there were more than fifty different races in Yunnan. For the most part the religion is Buddhism but in many cases it is so deformed as to be unrecognizable.

A complete study of the Yunnan races would give us a key to the ethnology of all the yellow races. But the difficulties are considerable. The observations of explorers and missionaries do not agree and are made from different stand-points. A comprehensive study is needed. The Chinese have produced many reports but they are all either for purposes of administration or of a philosophical or literary nature. Ethnological research must go hand in hand with the study of the languages. The great diversity of these however appals the pioneer.

What is needed is coordination of the records already collected.

The documents which treat of the Yunnanese peoples are nearly all of recent date. There is also an administrative report of a Chinese official Che-Fan written about 1807. It is contained in a chapter of a big work translated into French by Georges Soulié and Tchang-Yi-Tchéou. It is interesting from an ethnological and geographical point of view. Its title "The subdued Barbarians of Yunnan" is reminiscent of Ancient Rome—to the Chinese as to the Romans all foreigners are barbarians.

Che-Fan states of the Ts'ouan barbarians that they resemble the Lolos but they do not seem to represent to day an important element. The Lolos who are also to be found in the basin of the Black River in Tonking are a shy people-hiding in mountains difficult of access. The numerous tribes differ one from another. They are a proud, courageous and independent race presenting many types of good phy-

sique. The men wear their hair long and pluck out that of moustache and beard. The women's hair is left free and unkempt. The Lolos possess sacred books of very early origin. Wives and daughters of a tributary chief without male heirs can claim the succession to his power and wealth. The author names a long-list of Lolo tribes. The principal division has two branches only—white Lolos and black Lolos.

The Po-Yi, unlike the Lolos inhabit the low and marshy districts. Certain Po-Yi tribes correspond to the Thai of to-day. The nobles who govern the country dress richly, their costumes are ornamented with gold and precious stones. They ignore Chinese writing. Robbery is almost unknown among Po-Yi, for theft was punished by the death of the guilty person and all his family. The whole village underwent capital punishment when it was a case of robbery with violence. The condition of the women was very low.

Other races described by Che-Fan as resembling the Lolos are the Wo-Ni, the Mon-Ki and the Pou-La, those as resembling the Tibetans are the Mo-So, the La-Ma and the Kou-Tsong. These last are described as the "Stinking Barbarians" because, according to the author, they are dirty and let forth a disagreeable smell. In this race the brothers of a family all marry the same wife and when there are six or seven children, the community takes a second wife.

The Ton-Lao and the Pou-Jen represent the Thai subdivision.

In this medley of widely differing races, there are some exceedingly primitive types, such as the Ha-La. They are jet black and hardly look like men. The Ya-Jen again live in the trees and build no houses. Their hair is red and their eyes yellow. Their customs are so cruel and savage that they have drawn on themselves the reprobation of all their neighbours, and are fast becoming exterminated.

Commandant Bonifacy, Georges Soulié, d'Ollones, Courtellemont, Fourias, Vial, Lunet de la Jonquière have all published works which throw light on this subject. There are also published from time to time reports and articles on behalf of the "Ecole Française d'Extrême Orient".

But the most important work on the Yunnan races is from the pen of an Englishman Davies. We will give a rapid outline.

Davies remarks the absence of geographical unity in the country and gives it as a reason why all these many peoples could never be fused into one.

The classification of Davies is based on language though all the dialects are not yet known. There are however four great divisions: the Chinese, the Tibet-Burmans, the Tai and the Mon-Khmer.

Here is the table as Davies give it:

- I. Chinese.
- II. Tibeto-Burmans.
  - 1. Tibetans.
  - 2. Hsi-Fan.
  - 3. Lo-Lo.
  - 4. Burmans.
  - 5. Kachin.
- III. Thai or Shan.
- IV. Mon-Khmer.
  - 1. Meo.
  - 2. Mans.
  - 3. Min-Chia.
  - 4. Wa-Palaung.

Davies describes the principal characteristics of each group.

#### I. CHINESE.

Their appearance in Yunnan dates back 2000 years. They came as soldiers and remained as colonists. Following their invariable custom, they took wives in the country



and established a halfcast race which inherited their language and habits. The Chinese Empire has always levied taxes in Yunnan more or less heavy according to the particular vagaries of its rulers.

## II. TIBETO-BURMANS.

The Tibetans occupy the territory to the North-West of Yunnan. They are tall and remarkably strong, and their skin is brick red. They wear a long garment turned up round the waist, a soft felt hat or turban and felt boots. The women's costume varies in different localities. Their dwellings are well constructed and often have more than one storey. Barley is their principal article of cultivation though wheat is also important. They eat it with butter. Their favourite drink is tea. Their distrust of foreigners is extreme. They are Buddhists. They are a people upon whom Chinese influences make little impression.

The Lo-Los constitute the most populous race of Eastern China and are largely represented in Yunnan. They are of good physique and their skin is fair. The most perfect types are to be found in Setchouen. The typical costume of the Northern Lo-Los is the felt cloak adopted by men and women alike as a shelter from the cold and rain. It is gray and drops from the neck to the knees. The Lo-Los who live in the mountains of Taliang-Shan between the valley of Chien-Chang and the Yangtse are completely independent and do not recognize Chinese rule. The Chinese describe them as drunkards and pirates. But those to be met with in Yunnan are on the contrary hospitable and of gentle habits. They look upon the Chinese as hereditary enemies after a long struggle against absorption by them. In some districts they have copied the Chinese dress. The women wear a blue petticoat however under their blue trousers and the tunic has no sleeves.

The general term "Lo-Lo" is not one in use among the

Lo-Lo tribes themselves. Davies gives the names of their tribes as the Li-So, the La-Hu, the Wo-Ni, the Asi and the Maru. These last resemble the Gurkas of India. The Li-So occupy the Saloven valley. Their villages are almost inaccessible. They are a peaceful people whereas the La-Hu who occupy the Mekong valley are aggressive. The Wo-Ni inhabit the mountain regions of Keng-Toung, the Asi and the La-Shi the country on the Burmese frontier, while the Marus live along the banks of the Irrawady.

### III. THAI OR SHAN.

The Thai or Shan people are very numerous, and occupy vast territories to the west extending as far as Assam. In India they have been absorbed by the Hindoos but in Burmah Siam and Tonking they have remained distinct. They are to be found in several Chinese provinces and in the North of Yunnan. The Thai resemble the Chinese of Canton. For a long time they formed an independent kingdom which the Chinese called Namchao and of which Talifou was the capital.

The Thai are small but well made. They are of a distinct Mongol type with yellow skin. They are a friendly people but very jealous of their independence. There is a great diversity of costumes, language and habits among the Thai tribes. Some of their women wear an immensely high turban. The Thais are generally Buddhist. They live almost entirely in the valleys. Having driven other tribes into the mountains they rule supreme in the rich valleys. They are great rice growers like the Annamese. They are supposed to have emigrated from Kouang and Fou-Kien.

### IV. MON-KHMER.

The Mon-Khmer people comprise the races of the Méo, the Man, the Min-Chia and the Wa-Palaung, who speak Cambodian or Khmer and Mon. The two languages, Cambod-

gian and Mon, belong to the same family. The Mon-Khmer are the original inhabitants of Southern Yunnan and Indo-China. They have been absorbed by other races such as the Lo-Lo and the Annamese.

The Méo came from the Chinese provinces of Koéitchéou and Hounan, only three or four generations ago. They are to be found in the South of Yunnan and in Tonking. The Méo can be recognized by the white petticoat of their women which is turned up round the waist and descends to the knees. Both sexes have adopted the dark blue turban. The women wear big silver earrings. Many Méo women are considered beautiful even by European eyes. They call themselves "Mong" or "Muong" and only live in the mountains.

The Man come from the Chinese frontier. They are to be found in the South of Yunnan, in Kouangsi and Tonking but only in the hilly parts. They are remarkably intelligent.

The Min Chia are the Lama Yen mentioned by Prince Henri of Orleans. They inhabit the regions of Talifou and Lichiangfou. They have adopted the Chinese language and customs but their women do not deform their feet.





BUFFALOE CARTS.



TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF HINDOO ORIGIN.



MANN WOMEN.



CELEBRATIONS IN HONOUR OF THE REVOLUTION.



## CHAPTER VI

### APPEARANCE AND DRESS OF THE YUNNANESE.

THE first thing that strikes the new comer on first seeing the Yunnanese is their robust and healthy appearance. Even though one expects a mountain race to be ruddier and stronger limbed than a people of the plains, we were hardly prepared for so great a contrast as they presented to the Tonkinese of the Delta and aboriginal populations of the lower districts. The vitality and vigour emanating, not only from the peasants in the villages and fields but even from those in the filthiest and most over crowded streets of the capital, called forth our surprise and admiration.

Although their country is so mountainous the Yunnanese only live on the high plateaux, for they consider the climate unhealthy under an altitude of 4000 feet. They leave the valleys between the mountains to the Thans. This deep-seated prejudice against the lower-lying districts is not altogether unfounded. There are some valleys such as the Pai-Ho gorge through which the railway line passes which are disastrous to the health both of Europeans and natives. Nevertheless their fears are often exaggerated. Baggage and chair coolies who have accompanied travellers for weeks across China coming one day to a certain valley will desert their master incontinently and return home. Sometimes they can be persuaded to go into the dreaded district while daylight lasts but nothing, not even high payment, will induce them to sleep a night there. Before com-



plete darkness falls they disappear. This precaution for their health testified by their adhering thus persistently to the wonderful climate and dry atmosphere of the high plateaux makes their manner of life in the walled cities and villages all the more astonishing. But it is just because the air is so pure that they can afford to neglect the most primitive rules of hygiene and yet keep perfectly well and strong. At first sight the Yunnanese seem clean and neat. The linen tunic in all shades of dark and light blue, which is the ordinary every day apparel gives this appearance, but one has only to examine their clothing in detail to see that the first impression is deceptive. It is as rare to find a Japanese with stained or dirty clothing as it is rare to see a Yunnanese quite spotless and immaculate. Though his outer tunic is clean, his underclothing and skin are often encrusted with dirt. The best traits in the character of the Yunnanese can never attract the European as would a daily indulgence in a hot bath after the example of the Japanese. In Japan your rickshaw coolie will tug from his belt a perfectly clean white square to mop his brow. In Yunnan, with very few exceptions, not a single individual from your chair coolie to the mandarin who in gorgeous costume offers you tea in priceless cups, gives you a feeling of perfect cleanliness.

The cut of the Chinese garment is the same for rich and poor with but very slight differences for men and women. The tunic hangs straight and must never cling to the body, it is considered bad taste and immodest to show the lines of the figure. Though the cut is the same for all, the materials differ, the blue linen of the peasant being replaced by rich brocades and superbly embroidered silks for the mandarin. The materials themselves are usually of delicate shades, only in the silk embroidery is there any brilliant colouring.

The trousers which are wide at the top and narrow at the ankle are generally of a different shade from the tunic.

White socks are almost universally worn and shoes of thick felt complete the costume. Men's shoes are generally black, but women, especially those who have small feet, are sedulous that the best handy work and most showy colours should be conspicuous in their footgear. Often their shoes are decorated with little coloured tabs which hang down behind and even an aged, tottering old woman will have these tabs of crimson or some other noticeable colour to attract attention to the feet. She retains her pride in their small size to the end.

The ordinary head-dress among the men is the small round black cap of silk or satin surmounted by a button. The button may be black or coloured, but one made of a coral bead is the most usual. These buttons on the larger mandarin hats show the rank and station of the wearer. The ordinary coolies and chair-bearers and all those who work in the fields wear conical shaped hats of plaited straw.

A great many men and all the women go bare-headed in the streets of Yunnan Fou. They lose nothing of the ingeniousness of taste by this custom, for all their skill, all the varieties of style and fancy which might have been lavished on a hat is spent on their hairdressing and their hair ornaments. The hair ornaments in vogue are numerous and are mostly of jewellery or embroidered bands and flowers. Blue tinted jade is perhaps the most popular ornament and is in the form of a ring round which the chignon is entwined or in dagger-like pins. The embroidered bands are narrow and stretch from ear to ear across the forehead: they are black, but embroidered in coloured silks.

Flowers are generally white and are only worn by girls or by young married women. If no hair ornament is used the splendour and symmetry of the coiffure makes up for the lack of jewellery. To insure the stability of the edifice, a quantity of thick oil is used, making their hair shine, but diffusing only too often a most unpleasant odour. Hairdres-

sing employs a large proportion of a woman's time a especially among the well-to-do, though the operation is not considered necessary every day. Women also make up enormously and I never grew accustomed to the pink and white cheeks, reddened lips and darkened eyebrows of the Chinese. I had always imagined "make up" to be a product only of our own civilisation and was amazed to meet with it thus in the Far East. But it is an indulgence of Yunnan Fou quite as much as of Paris or London. Europeans try to hide the use of cosmetics by putting them on sparingly and hoping to improve the complexion without much changing it, but the Yunnanese adorn themselves with such a perfect pink and white skin that it cannot possibly be mistaken for natural colouring.

Over the tunic men sometimes wear a sort of sleeveless waistcoat generally of satin, and on very special and ceremonious occasions they, as well as the women, add a very widesleeved short coat to their costumes. It fastens with round metal buttons beneath the left arm. This is the garment of ceremony and in it, however old and shabby it may be, any individual may meet his superior without a breach of etiquette.

Among the poorest class of men and women the form of clothes changes a little. The long straight tunic is replaced by a shorter coat generally pulled to the waist by a sash of the same material. In the folds of this sash, the chair coolie keeps his money and tobacco. It is his pocket. The material is rough almost like sacking and generally dark blue. The peasant women who come into Yunnan Fou every day with their market produce frequently wear red trousers. Their coats are blue and they often wear two, one on the top of the other. As they carry their baskets on their backs strung under their arms, one might think that the exercise would make them warm enough without extra clothes. But, as in many other countries, the number of



clothes worn increases with the descent in the social scale. These peasant women, owing to the shape and quantity of their clothes, seem to be double the size of those who wear the ordinary straight tunic which gives a tall and slim appearance. As I said before, they wear big conical shaped hats of plaited straw which shield them from the sun and rain, only differing from the men's by a red crown which lifts the hat an inch or two above the head.

Naturally among these poorer classes, felt shoes are seldom seen. They go bare-foot or wear sandals of plaited straw. Those peasant women who have small feet, naturally wear shoes and socks. I was told that Chinese women never bared their small feet nor on any account allowed them to be seen. Several times, however, while in Yunnan Fou, I surprised a woman washing her feet in the water of the rice field. Her tiny shoes were placed on the grass by her side while she dabbled in the water.

Children's clothes are cut like their parents. In the summer small mites often go naked or wear only one garment, either the little coat or the trousers. Their trousers are open at the back and the parts which we hide the most carefully from the public eye are those which are exposed among the Chinese. Men have these trousers too, but they always wear another closed pair in white cotton underneath.

The clothes of beggars differ again from those of the rest of the community. They wear garments innumerable, in fact, they look mere bundles of old tattered rags hoisted on two bare feet. There is not a square inch of material which is whole, all is in narrow strips. The rags are only able to remain on the wearer by their number and their filthy condition which probably holds them together. Their untidy and dishevelled hair changes their appearance almost as much as their clothes. The men are unshaven and their uncut hair hangs over their shoulders. The women make no attempt at a plait or chignon. The

disorder of this rough coarse hair is in entire contrast to the well-oiled shining coils of their compatriots. The neglect of hair and face is a typical characteristic of beggars, for even the poorest classes patronise the hair-dresser's shop.

In China which is famed for its mutual help societies, even beggars unite themselves in an association. They form a strong syndicate and earn a livelihood without difficulty. Every family and every shop is obliged to give alms when demanded or they will find their door besieged and themselves harassed till their very trade and movements are seriously interfered with. For the sake of peace they are obliged to give the small donation which is expected of them. Under these circumstances it is not strange that beggars abound in the streets of Yunnan Fou, for the business is not fatiguing and is profitable. It is true that they are despised and hated and know that they would be hunted down and driven away without pity at the first sign of a break in their ranks. But at present only the dogs openly show their dislike. Growls and barks greet them at every door as they pass by and the old man with his long staff has sometimes much ado to prevent himself and his companions from being bitten. The instinct of dogs—horror of the beggar—is the same all over the world.

Throughout Indo-China there is a ban against beggars. Each village and province is responsible for all its inhabitants and must provide for the needs of its poor and aged. There are no vagabonds. The Annamese code is rigorous in this respect and might serve as an excellent example to many other countries. It is true that since the French occupation, there are occasional beggars to be found on the outskirts of towns, but this is due to the leniency of the French Government.

In Yunnan Fou one sees a couple of beggars in every other street.

## CHAPTER VII

### OUR FIRST DAY IN YUNNAN FOU.

It was six o'clock when we were brought to a stand-still in Yunnan Fou station. The landslide on the line had made us an hour late. A crowd of Chinese dressed in various shades of blue were standing behind a railing awaiting the train's arrival. No doubt this daily event is still a novelty to many, though the service has now been running for three years.

We were met by our hotel manager and though it was only a few minutes walk to the hotel, I was glad to take a chair for after the joltings twistings and turnings of a whole day in the train, I felt too unsteady on my legs to walk even that distance. The residents of Yunnan Fou have wicker-chairs well made and comfortable with polished metal-covered bamboo shafts like those one sees in Hong-Kong, but the chair hirers have not had the initiative to provide such luxuries for their clients and only the ordinary Chinese chair is available for visitors. Stepping over the rough shafts I sat down in the box-like contrivance. The outside was blue, the top was green and the inside lined with a bright coloured cretonne with little dirty silk curtains drawn across the front corners. The windows on either side were covered with wire netting, and, back and front, the coolies let down a bamboo lattice screen so that I could scarcely see anything and felt stifled. At my exclamations they withdrew the screens again. As they made preparations



to lift the chair, the rough seat of cord cut into me, but I did not dare to move for the chair swerved over to the right then to the left before the coolies had it well balanced on their necks. They wore very loose indigo trousers coming down to just below the knee and indigo tunics. One had his turban twisted round his short cropped hair, the other wore his round his waist and on his head was a small dirty battered straw hat, such as a child of two might wear in England. Both wore sandals of plaited straw. They formed a great contrast to the chair coolies of residents who were in uniform and looked quite smart.

We started down a broad road thick with coal dust, with ugly red-brick villas on either side standing in their own gardens. I was sorry to be confronted by such an ordinary spectacle but my disappointment only lasted a few minutes, for after two or three hundred yards we emerged into a narrow cobbled street, crowded with squatting merchants, hurrying pedestrians and packhorses, &c.

A few days later this first little piece of road leading to the station which had struck me as so banal seemed an ideal place for a short stroll. No smells, no dirt, no jostling, no noise, even the coal dust seemed cleanly. The breadth of the road would have allowed passage for a rick shaw or even a carriage if such things had existed in Yunnan Fou.

In the Chinese street on the other hand nobody made the slightest attempt to get out of the way of the chairs, and my coolies simply pushed against those of light weight nearly upsetting them, but moved aside for packhorses or men carrying heavy loads where they themselves would be likely to receive the worst of the impact.

The hotel was in a narrow cobbled side street where the traffic was less great, nevertheless visitors whose rooms looked on to it complained that they were waked up in the early hours of the morning by the caravans of packhorses and the squeaking of the bullock carts as they passed under

their windows. The hotel was built round a courtyard, in the middle of which flowers and bushes had been planted to make a little garden. Our rooms were on the further side and we looked out on to a parade ground instead of a street. We were pleased to see this open space and appreciated it still more when we found how very scarce open spaces were not only within the city but even outside it. Economy is the great watch-word of the Chinese and economy in space is certainly practised as ardently as in other things.

The parade ground was not without disadvantages however, for between 5 and 6 every morning soldiers arrived for drill. In Europe one hears only the voice of the officer as he shouts his commands but Chinese soldiers repeat the commands in chorus. They mark time with their voices as energetically as with their feet. I could hardly believe at first that the cries were human; they resembled rather the barking of dogs but when I saw the men's wide open mouths and how their heads and bodies were shaken as they emitted the sounds, it did not so much astonish me. When there were a great number of soldiers they divided up into groups, each group obeying its own officer. The sounds became then confused and less trying and I soon learnt to sleep through anything and every thing. It was interesting to watch them drill. They were trained on the Japanese method. Some of the new recruits had no idea of marching or of any disciplined movement whatever. It is true that they were probably wearing boots for the first time in their lives. The loose grey cotton trousers and grey tunics which is the undress uniform of the soldiers could not have interfered with their movements or felt too unfamiliar after their native dress but probably leather foot wear embarrassed them a good deal. On their close-cropped heads they wore flat grey peak caps with a star in front showing the five colours of the Chinese Republican flag.

The non-commissioned officers smacked their faces, kicked them, or occasionally hit them with a strap if they were too stupid or clumsy but without brutality. Such treatment did not seem to be resented, indeed the soldiers were—as they looked—more children than men. Their wide loose uniforms made them appear small and thickset after the lithe slim figure given by the native dress. Even their expressions and colouring seemed changed. Their faces seemed redder, coarser, more dogged, under the grey peak cap.

The morning after our arrival we started out to explore our surroundings. We naturally went towards the city meaning to follow the walls till we should come to one of the doors. After passing the parade-ground our path took us between small native houses against which wooden boards were leaning. Pasted on to them were scraps of cotton material from which the Chinese costumes are made. They were of all shades of dirty blue. Strips not more than an inch wide, tiny shapeless bits not larger than a penny, were all pasted together carefully and we wondered what this patchwork could be intended for. We were told that when the paste was dry, the bits came off in one whole piece and were then folded and cut up to make the soles of Chinese shoes. Any one seeing the heaps of filthy rags on a filthy road as we did would be lest inclined to buy the dainty wee shoes which attract the visitor in a Chinese town! They were rags from clothes which had been worn threadbare without having ever been washed, and so rotten that stitches would no longer hold. If a needle and thread could have kept them together it is certain they would still have been used for clothes and the economical Chinaman would not have put them to this last use. Quantities of flies almost hid these piles of rags and the boards on which they were pasted. The women were covered with flies too and also the numberless children playing round in the mud; the faces of the babies who were too small to drive them



away were black with them. Pigs, fowls and thin melancholy looking dogs wandered in and out of the houses and round the children who laughed and played in happy ignorance that their homes were not of the best and most hygienic. One often wonders when in a Chinese town whether hygiene is really as all important as we make out. These first homes into which we peeped on my arrival in Yunnan Fou gave a shock to my faith in hygiene from which it has never recovered!

The houses were small, dark (having only the door for light and air) and filthy. Food, cooking utensils, wearing apparel, sleeping contrivances, and the implements with which they worked for a living, were all mixed up in the utmost confusion. Children and animals wandered in and out among all this litter and their every movement was followed by a loud buzz, as the flies, disturbed, rose and settled again. Yet the children were fat and rosy-cheeked, they were seemingly healthy and happy. The mothers were strong and broad, and those that were sitting leaning against the door post nursing their babies looked pictures of contentment. They all evidently had several children; besides the one in their arms there were others being carried about on the backs of brothers and sisters. Instead of carrying them astride on their hips as the Annamese do, the Chinese tie them on to their backs with broad pieces of dirty cloth or linen. They cannot therefore see their precious charges. If the child carrying the baby is romping or the mother working with it on her back its head is shaken from side to side till one thinks it will be shaken off its little neck. Worse still, the head has sometimes disappeared from view altogether and one fears that the little thing must be suffocated.

By the time we had finished our contemplation of the scene before us, most of the children had left their games and were standing staring at us. Even one or two women stopped their occupation and gazed at us. A man came to

the door smoking a pipe which was at least a yard long and said something to us. We did not know whether it was complimentary or the reverse and thought it time to continue our walk.

A few minutes later a turning to the left showed us one of the city gates and we turned in that direction. It was a terraced many-roofed building, the red tiles forming a contrast to the grey tiles and thatched roofs within the city. The four gate ways of Yunnan Fou are among its highest buildings; formerly they were fortified and inhabited by soldiers. All are shut at night except one, so that later we sometimes had to make a long detour when returning to our hotel after dining with friends in the city.

Before going through the gate we examined the massive city walls which are in splendid repair and very high. They enclose entirely the city which has a circumference of some four and a half miles. The walls on the inside are banked up with earth to a few feet below the top.

Under the broad arch of the gate, numbers of costermongers were sitting against the wall in the midst of their wares. There was a tinker selling old rusty nails, bits of iron, empty bottles of which I noticed two were odol bottles!, cracked bowls, &c., there was a baker offering unwholesome looking cakes and biscuits to passers by, then came a display of children's toys made of bright coloured paper or card board—little windmills, animals, boxes, dolls, &c. . . and finally we saw a woman roasting maize by fanning heat into a few cinders on a stove like a round stone flower pot. Besides intending buyers haggling with the costermonger, nearly all passers by paused for a few minutes in the shade of the arch before venturing into the sun again. They deposited whatever they happened to be carrying in the centre of the road, buckets of water, planks of wood, bundles of hay, sacks of grain, while they leisurely mopped their brow. Then too, these arches are the recognized places for posting

up advertisements or proclamations and boys and men were continually pushing through to read the Chinese characters on the long strips of bright red or bright yellow paper. It was not easy even for us pedestrians to make our way through all this conglomeration so that when 10 or 15 loaded packhorses came blundering along or two or three bullock carts the disturbance may be imagined. There are cries, oaths and a general jostling and overturning of wares, then, when the caravan has passed, comparative peace reigns till the same thing happens again.

Once through the arch and in the glare of the sun again we were really in the city of Yunnan Fou.

Is it possible to give a description of that medley of narrow rough paved streets, with their tiny narrow shops so filled with wares that the merchant and his numerous family hardly finds standing room, streets gay with the blue tunics and trousers of many men and women pushing and rubbing against each as they hurry or tarry on their way?

In spite of the narrowness of the streets, there are everywhere costermongers with portable bottles or baskets selling hot cakes, vegetables or fruit in fact any and every other commodity. Then every shop has two or three narrow benches on which passers-by may sit to examine the wares on the counter for there is not room for them inside. I sat down on one of these uncomfortable, red-lacquered benches more than once, for the crowd, the smells, the noise and the movement were rather overwhelming and most tiring. Walking, it must be remembered is in itself no sinecure in a Chinese town. The rough cobbles hurt your feet and if by chance you wear high heels you may really endure tortures. It is true that the stones in the centre of the street are broad and flat—flag stones in fact—but it is impossible to keep your place on them. This manner of laying down roads—flat stones in the middle and rough uncut ones on either side—exist not only in the cities



but in the country as well. The high roads across China are exactly the same and no broader. There are too many people in the street for the Chinese to be able to make way for you, even if they attempted it, and the continual jostling is very trying. Besides the ordinary pedestrians, there are still greater shocks and impacts to be avoided. Strings of men suddenly come hurtling along with enormous loads and take up almost all the available space. Many are carrying buckets of water swinging from a yoke over their shoulders, and one does not wish to have the contents poured over ones feet or dress. These water-carriers move along every quickly and shout out at every step so that the way should be left clear for them or as clear as possible. Then there are the packhorses with loads of grain; these have bells and follow each other closely. Chairs take less room as they are narrow but they too move so quickly that one often has only just time to jump aside. None of these obstacles however hinder a free and easy gait so much as the stones. Your eyes must be continually on the ground which is most annoying when there is so much of interest to see all around. The dirt too diminishes the pleasure of such a walk: on either side of the street there is a gutter filled with thick black fluid which flows slowly or is quite stagnant. It is true that in every street there are bright blue boxes for rubbish like those one sees for waste paper in our own large towns, but the habit of throwing all and every thing into the gutter is still too strong for the hard working house-wife and busy merchant.

The smell arising from these gutters may be imagined: it is far worse even than that arising from the restaurants or from the shops where dyeing, fur-cleaning or leather working are in progress.

Another great nuisance of the street is the flies. In many of the shops they were as bad as in the rag street we had previously visited outside the town. All the dishes in the

Chinese Restaurants were covered with them, in spite of the exertions of some children to keep them off with a bundle of feathers attached to a stick. It was the same in the butchers' shops and in the cereal shops where sacks of grain were exposed, and the dishes of dried fruit in the grocery shops were so black with them it was impossible to see what lay beneath.

They did not trouble us much, having better pasture elsewhere but the sight of them and the sound of their buzzing was sufficiently disagreeable in itself.

Occasionally at a street corner we came upon what was a really refreshing sight—baskets upon baskets of peaches and apples. They were not small or anaemic looking fruits such as one might perhaps expect amidst such filthy surrounding but great big peaches with the bloom on them and of splendid colouring. The apples were small but never have I seen redder or more tempting-looking ones. Every one was eating peaches, the men walking along the streets, those serving in the shops, the children playing in the gutter; so cheap were they that every one might eat his fill. It was curious to see the ragged beggars eating peaches which a European hostess might have been proud to see on her table. Besides the peaches and apples there were big purple egg plants, baskets of scarlet chillies and tomatoes, delicately fresh white cabbages like enormous round balls, the outside leaves having been peeled off.

The mass of colour at these fruits stalls was as great a pleasure to the eyes as was their scent to the nostrils.

Suddenly I declared that I could walk no further and seated myself on a narrow wooden trestle outside an apothecary's shop. Then we discovered we had no idea of the way we had come nor of our way back. My husband left me to reconnoitre and returned in a few minutes not with definite information but with a chair and two bearers which was even more welcome. I sat down in it with

a sigh of relief and it was hoisted on to their shoulders. We did not know the Chinese for "hotel" or "station" or anything else but we knew they would take us to some European centre—either one of the consulates or a hotel or even a private house where we could enquire the way. I begged my husband to let them take the lead. After half an hour's rapid movement up one street and down another they suddenly stopped and put my chair down. What? had they been merely wandering about indefinitely? They had started off so confidently that we had felt assured that they had been taking us to a particular destination. Apparently we were wrong! We had now absolutely no idea what direction to take and we resolved to try our luck at one of the police boxes which are placed at certain street corners every hundred yards or so. At these corners are to be seen Chinese officials in uniform meting out justice and settling disputes among buyers and sellers. They are mostly surrounded by a large crowd who, while listening to the quarrel, entirely obstruct the road. The policeman never seems to notice this, at any rate he makes no effort to disperse them, in fact he is quite ready to hear all the opinions proffered by the onlookers. His judgement will probably be based on the opinion of the majority. It is somewhat absurd to see this youth of 18 or 20 appealed to by venerable fathers of families or excited women. Not only is his decision accepted in the matter of 2 or 3 cents for the sale of goods, but apparently also in family dramas.

The flat-faced, red-checked, expressionless personage to whom by signs we indicated we had lost our way, gazed at us tranquilly. He did not even attempt to answer us in his own tongue. He contented himself with some remark, probably a contemptuous one, to his nearest neighbour. His attitude was neither hostile nor insulting, neither even intimidated or curious—simply one of complete indifference. Our situation and difficulties were entirely without





WAN TANG FALLS.



MY CHINESE CHAIR.



SALT MERCHANTS.



A TYPICAL PAVED CHINESE STREET.

interest to him. Seeing that a crowd was beginning to collect round us, we gave up hope of getting help from that quarter and pursued our way. A few minutes later to our great good fortune we met an Annamese whom we stopped and questioned.

What a relief to hear again the French jargon of this Tonkinese tailor!

He directed the coolies who at once with grunts of assent made off at such a quick trot that I was afraid that my next misfortune would be to lose my husband! However we arrived at the hotel safely and together, and were thankful to sit down to lunch in a large, quiet, clean dining room. What a contrast it presented to all we had seen that morning!



## CHAPTER VIII

### IN THE TEMPLES.

THE most noted temple within the walls of Yunnan Fou is the temple of Confucius and this we visited a day or two after our arrival. At the time we were unacquainted with the geography of the town and were loth to go in chairs as the streets were of such absorbing interest. The chief hotel boy—an Annamese—, solved our difficulty by offering us his wife Ti Ba, as guide.

Ti-Ba had already been in the country several years and was familiar not only with the Annamese quarter but with every corner of the town.

The Annamese who have settled in Yunnan Fou have shown common sense and discrimination in the choice of their place of residence; for the greater part they have congregated in South street where is the only European-made road, a broad one with large, high shops. It is outside the city walls and in a busy throughfare. After a month or two in Yunnan Fou I was increasingly pleased to go down this street and look again on the brown tunics, black trousers and turbans of the Tonkinese women. How often in Tonking I had deplored the lack of colour in costume and landscape, brown earth, brown huts, brown costumes, brown fields, brown everything, yet here in the midst of the bright colours and contrasts of the Chinese town, in spells of home-sickness it was a relief to look on the familiar dull drab costumes which reminded me of Haiphong. One does not see any very poor

among the Tonkinese: they all seemed to be of the upper mercantile class mostly tailors, shoe-makers &c., and the men were all in European khaki dress with leather boots. Just as the Chinese seem to be superior to the general run of the native population in Haiphong so the Tonkinese here seemed superior to the Chinese.

Ti-Ba pointed us out the homes of her friends as we went by and was saluted by all her acquaintances. She spoke French and Chinese as well as her native Annamese tongue and she turned out a most capable guide. Her explanations to some of our puzzled enquiries were, if true, curious and amusing. We asked her why the cats had collars and were chained up like dogs. There was one in every shop and generally miauling piteously. Though fat and well kept they were very ordinary animals of no intrinsic value. The poor creatures though habitually attached in that manner did not appear to have become accustomed to their captivity. How the owners could endure the unceasing miauling which almost drowned conversation I do not know. We Europeans should find no noise more nerve-racking in a crowded room of small dimensions but the Chinese seem perfectly unconcerned.

The silent morose-looking dogs which infested the town were free on the contrary; in our opinion they should have been chained up rather than the cats. Ti Ba's explanation was that cats acted as charms to the merchant who possessed them; good cats bringing their owner good and plentiful custom. The older a cat, the more efficient was it in bringing good luck to the merchant. To test the truth of her words we told her we wanted to buy a certain cat and made her ask the price. For a time the owner would name no price, then valued his talisman at 60 dollars. After much discussion we managed to bring the sum down to 40 but no lower. We abandoned our attempt at barter, convinced that there was some truth in Ti-Ba's expla-

nation for a Chinaman will sell almost anything to make a bargain.

After turning up one street and down another all of which looked to us absolutely alike with no particular landmarks, we came to the Temple of Confucius. There was an open space in front of the doorway where a number of packhorses were being loaded and unloaded. We walked up the steps and through the open doors and found ourselves in the first courtyard. Every pagoda and large private house boasts of several courtyards. This emphasizes the contrast to the streets, where every inch of space is utilized. The pagodas do not resemble our churches and cathedrals; instead of one big building there are several with divinities in each. We just glanced into the little rooms on either side of the courtyard and nothing particular arousing our interest we made our way to the central building. It was dark and cool inside but we were disappointed to find it nearly empty. There was one single Buddha behind a piece of wire netting in a corner, but the whole place had evidently been neglected for a long time. Our Chinese guide with Ti-Ba for interpreter informed us that during the Revolution in 1911 the temple had been pillaged and all the Buddhas beheaded. The ancient cult was apparently unpractised and all that remained of former glories were one or two bronze incense burners which had evidently resisted destruction and been too heavy to carry away. The carved columns and the ceiling with its highly coloured and ornamented beams and rapture were all that had been left intact of the actual internal structure. We asked if we might mount the stair-case which we noticed in one corner. We wished at least to take the opportunity of seeing the view, for this temple was one of the highest buildings in the town. The Chinaman called out orders and soon a little girl appeared with a big key. She preceded us up the stairway and when we came to a trap door tried to undo the padlock. Her efforts were unavailing



and she was obliged to call her mother or one of her many female relations. The mother hobbled up the stairs with difficulty for her feet, or rather the stumps where her feet should have been, prevented any ease of movement. In Yunnan Fou nearly all women have small feet, not only the rich who afford the luxury of servants and who lead an absolutely lazy life, but even the poorer classes and the peasants. It astonished us that women engaged in manual labour should have crippled themselves thus.

The mother also failed to unlock the door and was followed by another woman and by the time the door had been pushed back and we had passed through we had seen all the members of the family. From the verandah where we now found ourselves we clambered up another staircase to the top-most story. The little square room with its one gilded Buddha had as neglected an appearance as the rooms below. Not even the remains of flowers or tapers offered to the deity were to be seen. The verandah surrounding the room gave us a splendid view of the town, the lake, the canal and hills beyond. Ti-Ba pointed out to us different landmarks but except for the Chinese Governor's palace which was at the top of an incline it was difficult to distinguish one building from another. The maze of uniform gray roofs looked all the same size and all the same height nor could one see many of the streets, so narrow were they. We learnt a little of the geography of the town by means of the principal doors which are big buildings, those to the North, South, East, and West, being easily distinguishable by their many reddish gray-tiled roofs.

We noticed just below us a garden with splendid high trees and received permission to visit it. We were told that it adjoined the former residence of the Governor but had been abandoned at the time of the Revolution. Our little girl guide led us through the big double doors and we found

ourselves in a once well kept but still fascinating garden surrounded by high walls. Except for one or two flowering shrubs there were no flowers of any sort but anything that grows seems like a miracle inside a Chinese town and even the dark masses of weeds and stinging nettles attracted us. It was difficult to distinguish between the path and the beds for though the former were paved, high weeds had sprung up every where between the flags. In the middle of the garden was a small pond with a round Chinese bridge stretching across it. The pond was dry and the bridge half destroyed but when all was in order it must have been a beautiful spot resembling the best of the Japanese gardens. The tall and ancient trees were now all that was left of former glories. There was nothing to be seen in the residence itself, it was damp dark and neglected; this Chinese Trianon which had seen so many fêtes and gaieties during the rule of past vice-roys was now desolate.

In contrast to this pagoda with its few Buddhas was the temple of the five hundred genii which we visited the next day outside the town. The number was correct, there were at least five hundred plaster figures all crowded into two small rooms. The temple itself was large, built round an open square but all the Buddhas had been crowded together in rows round the walls of two adjoining rooms. Those of the lower rank were sitting on or leaning against land-creatures, those above on fishes or sea monsters. The wall behind them represented the waves of the sea. One did not notice at once the upper row as they were placed on a broad sort of shelf and it was only by placing oneself against the opposite wall that one got a full view.

All the types and physical characteristics of the Chinese to be seen in the street were reproduced here, some of them really life-like, others very exaggerated for instance eyebrows falling below the waist, arms stretching up to the sky. Nearly all had white faces and long drooping moustaches

but the costume colours were never the same nor two attitudes alike. Most figures probably represented certain ideas such as fecundity, honoured old age, learning, but we could not guess the meaning of many peculiar positions or understand all the emblems held by them on their knees.

The sudden apparition of this mass of life-size figures as one entered the temple was most striking. There was nothing artistic or picturesque about the straight rows but they certainly made an impression on one's mind not to be quickly effaced.

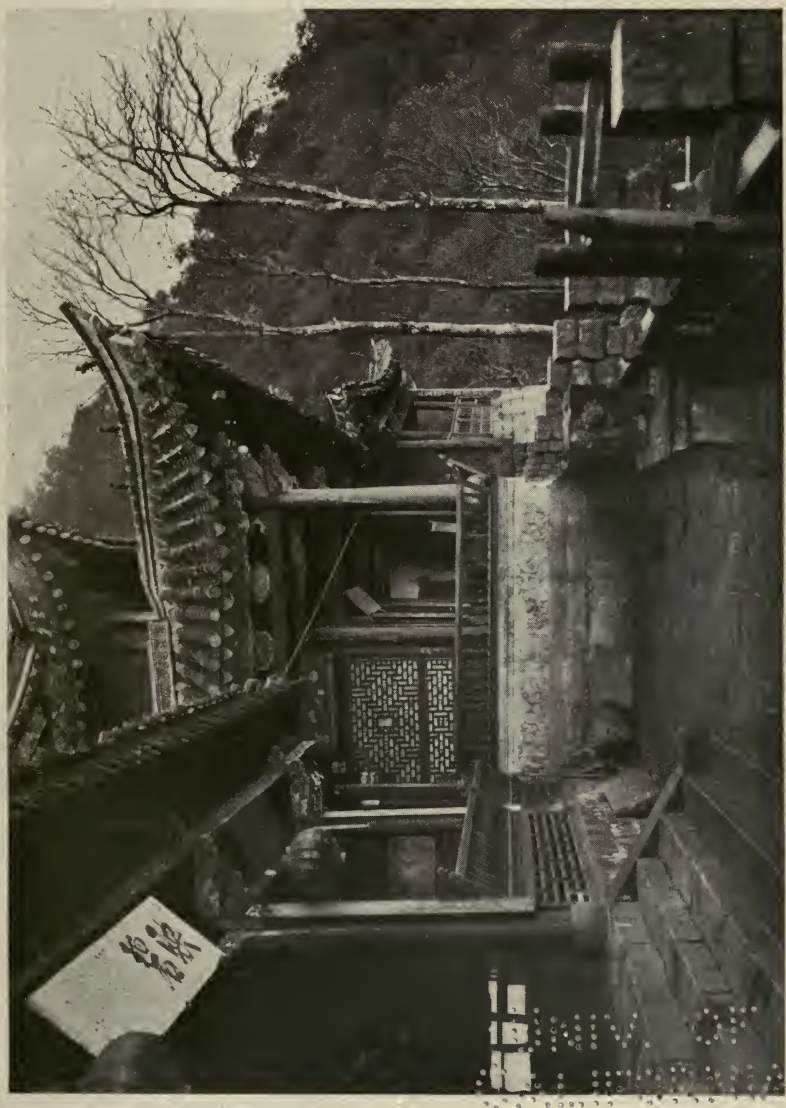
The fish pagoda attracted me more than any other temple inside the town. As far as one could judge it could also boast of a great popularity among the Chinese. This was not surprising when we were told that the divinities here were evoked in cases of sterility. The fish pagoda is thus named because it is built on a pond or rather a small lake which teems with carp and gold fish. Visitors and pilgrims after their devotions before the altar never fail to go and sit or kneel on the semi-circular stone seat overlooking the water and gaze down over the balustrade at the myriads of fish. Here one finds the inevitable old woman with her stall and for a cent you can buy a big round biscuit and for a sapek a handful of tiny dried flowers. The fish prefer these flowers—if they are flowers—to anything else and when a handful is thrown to them (being very light they spread out over a large surface) all we could see was a mass of wide, black, open mouths. The carp is never eaten by the Chinese; it is a bold and very strong fish, capable of swimming upstream and probably for this reason has become symbolic of the male child. As in Japan and Annam fish play a great part in children's fetes and brightly coloured paper fishes which can be illuminated inside at night are their principle toy and are carried triumphantly about on a stick by all youngsters on certain days in the year. This pond in certain seasons is covered with lotus



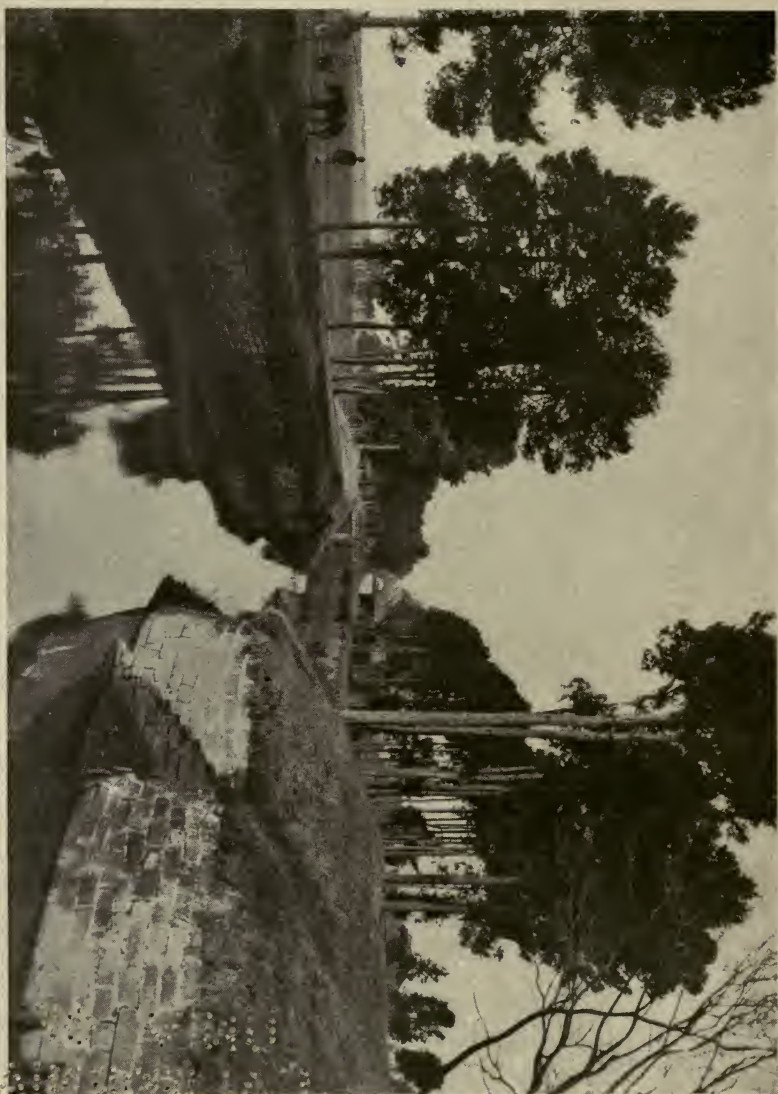
flowers which makes it more picturesque than ever. When we were there they were not in bloom but the big leaves covered a large portion of the water.

The courtyard of this pagoda was pretty and well kept; small bushes, some flowering, some cut into the shapes of dragons, cocks, &c., were planted here and there, and the whole of one wall was covered with trailing nasturtiums. The small well-proportioned pagoda in the centre with its green-tiled roof coming down low and turning up again at the corners was very picturesque. I like this architectural characteristic of the Chinese temple roofs. On the slanting cretes there were small animals in porcelain or earthen ware dogs, dragons, elephants, &c. all attached by a chain to the sort of weather-cock in the centre.

I went inside. I expected to see women at their devotions but during the few minutes that I stood there, only two Chinamen followed each other in, and after lighting tapers and pushing them into the sand of the incense burner on the altar they prostrated themselves before it. The deity was very much like the plaster Virgin with a child in her arms one sees in the poorer Roman Catholic churches in France. Neither of the two men belonged to the lower classes, both were well dressed with little satin jackets over their long tunics. I could not help wondering as I watched them what circumstances had brought them there. Had their first born died, had they been married some time and begun to despair of having children, or was it that only daughters had been born and they were still awaiting sons? For it is only sons who can carry on the ancestral cult. What tragedies might not be taking place in the homes of these men. A childless woman is always to be pitied but in China more than in any other country. The young Chinese girl as soon as she is married goes to her husband's home, and there she becomes the servant and drudge of her mother-in-law and often passes many unhappy years. Where



CHINESE INN OVERHANGING A PRECIPICE.



THE COUNTRY SIDE NEAR YUNNAN FOU.



there are several daughters-in-law, continual squabbles arise over questions of interest as well as over domestic affairs and one is often singled out to bear the brunt of all quarrels and disputes. If one of the women is childless it will naturally be she, and the worst treatment as well as the most bitter reproaches will be her lot. What good is she if she has no children? Pity is showered on her husband till he himself, even though he has at first loved his young wife, begins to take the general view and tires of his efforts to protect her.

Many cases are known to the missionaries where young wives have committed suicide so tortured have they been by the other women in their husband's home. Her parents and family seem unable to alter such a state of affairs and often mothers, having been through such a period themselves, regard it as the inevitable lot for their daughter also, and only offer whispered sympathy making no attempt to interfere. If the girl dies or commits suicide, both families hush up the scandal, the parents only demanding a rich funeral as compensation for their daughter's life.

Another curious temple which we visited quite close to the hotel was the Pagoda of the Golden Ox. It was quite a small temple in a narrow side-street and the ox which was life-size nearly filled all the available space. Needless to say it was not of gold but of bronze and not much more like an ox than like any other four-footed animal.

There were several rich Chinese making the tour of the temple at the same time as ourselves and they seemed very interested looking at it from all sides and patting it all over.

The side rooms round the temple had all been put to practical uses. In one, a class for tiny boys was being held; in another men were spinning and through the air thick with fluff I saw Buddhas in a corner pushed there out of the way. I wanted to walk across and look at them but the dust and fluff choked me and I backed into the open air again.

Another room was a dwelling in which a large family resided.

A temple of a totally different type from those I have described was shown to me by a lady missionary near the North Gate. It was built in a copse of pine trees at the bottom of the slope along which the north wall runs. It was a pretty spot and well chosen to commemorate the officers and soldiers killed during the Revolution. Formerly it contained tablets to soldiers who had fallen during the Franco-Chinese war but they have recently been removed to make place for those of these later heroes. The temple is vast and most sombre in appearance. No Buddhas or deities of any sort were to be seen in the principal building. The great bronze incense-burner in front of the altar was the only ornament besides the coloured tablets nailed to the wall. The courtyards were well paved and the rooms on either side looked exceptionally clean, tidy and well kept. There were however no trees or flowers to enliven their almost too severe and symmetrical appearance.

Fortunately one could see the green branches of the pine-trees above the walls and could even enjoy their scent, a welcome relief within the walls of a Chinese city.

On leaving the temple we climbed a stony path leading to the North Gate. This gate built on the crest of one of the many lime-stone ridges in the province boasts one of the best views in or near the town.

We stood for a minute admiring the landscape on that clear evening, the green sea of paddy fields at our feet broken only by the straight, gray, stone-paved Chinese roads and the winding lines of trees which border the canals. Tiny white specks on the distant hills bordering the plain on every side we knew to be the white-washed walls of pagodas. We went through the gate and followed a little path to the right which runs along outside the wall. The slope descending into the paddy fields is covered with the

green mounds of ancient graveyards interspersed here and there by a number of fantastically shaped lime-stone blocks springing as it were out of the ground. We came almost immediately upon the graves of the soldiers the tablets to which we had seen in the temple below. Instead of mounds, stone slabs had been placed flat on the ground with the inscription in black Chinese characters running down the middle. This spot on the crest of the ridge close to the wall of the town had evidently been chosen as a place of honour.

Most temples in Yunnan Fou appear to be frequented by the poorest classes only, the richer Chinese visiting them rather with the object of sight seeing than of worship. But this temple was patronized by all classes even by the administrative authorities.

It was the only one which I visited in or round Yunnan Fou where conviction and sincerity were apparent in the those who came there. As a rule both the men and women we saw sitting on the pagoda steps or eating in one of the side rooms were there merely for the pleasure of the excursion. Others, in trouble through poverty, domestic affairs or illness, after having tried all other remedies had come to burn incense before the altar and offer a sacrifice of bananas, eggs or a portion of whatever they possessed in the hope of relief. The Chinese have no real faith in the deities of their temples nor in the efficacy of genuflexions nor of burning prayers (slips of coloured paper inscribed with Chinese characters) but they feel that at any rate these things can do no harm and wish to be on the safe side. They desire to appease spirits and genii in case they chance to exist and might wreak vengeance upon them. But they are at bottom incredulous and only fulfil such rites through long custom just as we might avoid crossing our knives, walking under a ladder or sitting down thirteen to a meal.

It was a pleasure to observe that at least one temple



was visited for other motives than self-gain and self-protection. Pilgrims coming from far and near had no thought but that of honouring their dead when they approached the edifice in the pine trees under the North Gate. And when they afterwards climbed the hill and made their way to the graves of their heroes they seemed full of reverence and respect. The silent groups standing round these stone slabs reminded me of scenes I had so often witnessed in Japan where the deeds and deaths of national patriots are as faithfully commemorated as those of their own ancestors.

## CHAPTER IX

### IN THE SHOPS.

A GREAT many visitors to Yunnan Fou spend most of their time in the shops in quest of rare trinkets, old porcelains, fine ivories, &c. &c. Not being a connoisseur in such things myself, these shopping expeditions did not interest me particularly unless I had the opportunity to watch others bargaining over their "finds". The first time I accompanied my husband and one of his friends they were in search of opium pipes. Since opium smoking was forbidden in China, these pipes are not exposed to the view of passers-by. They are still to be found in all shops selling curios but the merchant keeps them wrapped up in a ragged cloth in some corner and will only show them to you at your express desire. With many precautions he unknots his dirty cloth and glances furtively around while you look at them. He handles them tenderly and mentions their cost in a whisper. It was hard to guess if this attitude was genuine or simply assumed as an excuse to run up the price. One merchant even refused to show us his pipes in the shop and led us up some narrow dirty stairs into his bedroom. It was so tiny we could not stand up straight, and there were no chairs so we were not very comfortable.

The buyers in their enthusiasm were not aware of our discomfort as they discussed the genuineness of the silver mounting on this pipe, the worth of the jewels ornamenting that one, the date of a third. When they had finally

settled on their proposed purchases there came the still longer process of bargaining, the pretence of leaving the shop, the frequent return, the repetition of the whole transaction from beginning to end. The experienced buyer is careful not to let the merchant know the exact object he wishes to possess till he has bargained over some other one, for if the salesman guesses your fixed determination he will stick to his original price. Bargaining with a Chinaman is a most complicated business but would be thoroughly amusing were it not so long and if the spectator could be comfortably seated and in the fresh air during the proceedings.

I had time while listening to questions and answers to examine every corner of that little upstairs bedroom but there was such a conglomeration of objects I do not remember half I saw. The principal piece of furniture was the plank bed; it had no mattress only one or two dirty ragged blankets and it was covered in by a dirty dark blue mosquito curtain. Whether the curtain was really to guard against mosquitoes I do not know. Rather I should imagine it was a protection from the air. The Chinese evidently do not like fresh air (one need only glance at their windowless houses to know that) and certainly that thick untransparent mosquito curtain would guard the sleeper well in that direction. I say sleeper but if all the children and youths I had seen huddled in the little shop down stairs belonged to this man's family there were probably many sleepers for that small bed. Perhaps other beds were put up at night and a few slept on the floor but space was extremely limited even for that arrangement. Of course the shop below must have made a second bedroom as soon as it was shut to customers.

I continued my inspection. Near the bed was a small table heaped with curios, dirty brass ornaments, glass beads, jade or imitation jade trinkets, &c. all covered with dust and



rust. Underneath were rolled up kakemonos. I unrolled one or two making not only my hands dirty but also my sleeves and dress with the dust which spluttered out. Here were depicted the usual musty-coloured flowers and leaves all mixed up without any artistic arrangement; here again a queer looking bird on a single branch, Japanese style, but without the pleasing Japanese colouring. Any amount of Buddhas too. Buddha alone under a tree with some small nondescript animal in the back ground, Buddha with his servants or friends who are always shorter and thinner than himself, Buddha riding, &c. In all he was represented with a big belly and white beard. Then there were again pictures containing a great many figures in symmetrical order. The one I bought showed 20 figures all like Buddha, with beards and mostly sitting in the same posture on identical Chinese chairs. They are in three rows; behind the rear rank are clouds behind the second is a Chinese screen, and between that and the third are clouds again. The whole is painted in black and white except for a few touches of red. There is a round red sun in the right hand top corner. One old man has the same bright red hair and beard as the sun and a few figures have small touches of red on their costumes. It is really a very ugly picture. The evening before my husband had to leave Yunnan Fou I found him in my bedroom on a chair which he had placed on my writing-table. He was hanging up three kakemonos he had bought me in order to hide from view some wonderful red and white complexioned damsels with auburn hair, advertisements sent to the hotel by the Greek owner of the principal shop in Yunnan Fou. My husband's choice had been happier than my own and before long I became quite fond of these specimens of Chinese art. One represented two Chinese maidens in long flowing robes, their hair drawn tightly away from their foreheads and twisted into rolls on the tops of their heads except for two dark strands which hung down

over either shoulder. Neither dress nor coiffure were those adopted by the Chinese of today, possibly it was a former mode. One girl carried flowers and an instrument like a hoe the other a vase. Both wore earrings, had taper-like fingers and enormously long nails. The delicate colouring was attractive too, it was entirely in pink, pale blue and gray without a touch of pure black or white. Since then I have searched for other types of female beauty but have not succeeded in finding any. This subject which chiefly inspires *our* artists, seems without effect on the Chinese. Another picture, chosen by my husband for its colouring, was of an old man with head forced down into his shoulders painted entirely in the same shade of red. The third, at first sight, looked very much like the biblical picture of the three wise men bringing presents to the Infant Jesus who is in the arms of his mother with Joseph standing behind. On further examination one finds that it is a man and not a woman holding the baby, but it is curiously interesting to find the five figures are in adoration before the Child. The back ground of this picture is black and has neither border nor the strip of coloured silk which one sees so often pasted on the paper above the painting. The colours, very pure greens and reds stand out well against this dark blackground.

I did not find anything so attractive as these in the shop of the China-man in question though before the opium pipes had been paid for I had unrolled some 30 or 40 scrolls. I next looked at some narrow embroidered silk bands, pieces taken from the wide sleeves of rich Chinese women's costumes but though some of them were beautifully worked I could not screw up my courage to buy anything so dirty. The silks were not washable and there is no Pullar in Yunnan or Tonking. We were also shown embroidered squares taken from the back and front of the mandarins' costumes. They were in pairs but unfortunately one was always cut in half. I bought one pair in order to



ON THE CANAL.





STREET SCENES.

make a little hand bag. I simply bound round the two squares with gold cord and kept them flat with two little bamboo sticks; it made a very useful bag to wear with evening dress. These squares are generally so richly embroidered in gold thread as to hide the foundation of silk or satin and therefore, if dirty, as they all certainly are, the stains are at least not visible. I could not have bought anything to be worn as personal apparel after seeing our merchant hunt the things out from a heap of clothing poked under the bed.

My husband was now anxious to look at the ordinary metal pipes which all Chinese men and women smoke from time to time during the day. These were fortunately downstairs and avoiding as best we could the dried herbs and other objects hanging from the beams of the ceiling, we let ourselves one by one through the trap door and down the ladder into the shop below.

I seated myself outside on one of the trestles and leaned over the one-foot-wide counter where the pipes had been placed. They were practically all the same shape and size but of every kind of metal and design. There were silver gilt, silver copper, niellé, blue enamel, &c. some dented and battered in, others almost new, all of different times and epochs. These pipes hold a large thimbleful of water but only a small pinch of tobacco. I had already smoked one while at the Mongzeu Consulate but had failed to understand the satisfaction derived from two whiffs of tobacco. Not caring for smoking in any case the two whiffs were quite enough for me but for those who are fond of it, it must be tantalizing to find your pipe finished almost before it is begun. To continue you must again fill the tiny bowl reserved for tobacco, again strike a match and often replenish the little receptacle with water. Possibly it is the sound of the gurgling water as they inhale that the smokers enjoy. It may be amusing for them but it had an irritating effect on my nerves.

Before a final choice was made even the pipes in use by the merchant and his family had been offered for sale. There are generally two or three hanging on nails at the entrance of a house or shop which are smoked promiscuously by each and sundry. I asked for a pipe which was new and had never been used but *that* they did not possess. In Yunnan Fou one can buy costumes, porcelains, ivories, pictures in all states and conditions but if one asks for a specimen of anything which comes direct from the maker and which has been in no one's possession before, there is no response.

Pipes at length purchased, we continued our way down the narrow paved street. Some streets are more picturesque and brightly coloured than others. The round wooden pillars which support the over-hanging roof are often painted black with the name of the merchant in gold characters. If the posts are painted red the characters are in black. There are also narrow wooden black planks nailed over every shop, or red papers pasted to the door the characters on them probably advertizing some merchandise to be found inside. The roofs come down low and turn up at the corners. Where they turn up the beams underneath are visible and these are painted with complicated designs in green, blue, red and white. Looking down a straight narrow street all these brilliantly coloured corners are visible at the same time and with the red and gold of the pillars and blue costumes of the passers-by help to present a gay picture. Nevertheless one must not compare the aspect of these streets with those in Japan. What a contrast! It is the difference between cleanliness and squalor. The daintiness, the neatness of Japanese shops and houses and people whether rich or poor is undreamt of here. The delight one feels in those little Japanese wooden buildings where everything is or looks new, is an unknown experience in China. One may be extremely interested in a Chinese street and shops but



they cannot exercise the charm and fascination of those in Japan. And probably if a great fire could suddenly devastate a Chinese town as it can and does in Japan, it would again be built within fortress walls, the houses would be re-constructed on the same lines as before and the dirt, squalor, smells and noise would be renewed immediately. Even the best shops in Yunnan Fou, those containing curios worth over 1000 dollars are not much cleaner and neater than others. It is the same small ten foot square shop with a narrow counter in front and two or three tables between which, in spite of being very narrow, one has much ado to squeeze in order to examine the different curios. Sometimes there is another small shop at the back and the merchant will take you across a tiny open courtyard into a similar room crowded with porcelains, brasses, vases, jade ornaments, &c. Those of greatest value are always in glass cases. Although one sees women in these shops they never serve customers nor do they seem to know any thing about the wares or value of the curios. They are different from the Annamese women who have good business heads and are capable of striking a much better bargain than their men folk. Chinamen greatly appreciate this capacity and those living in Indochina almost invariably marry Annamese women.

In the small courtyard there was always a Chinese woman washing, nursing a baby or sewing but she evidently took little interest in the sale of goods. By her side a cat chained up like the one in the shop was generally miauling. The noise never seemed to disturb her, though it nearly drove me mad during the short time we were in the shop. Chinese women are no more sensitive to noise and smell than the men. The courtyard of these better shops was also quite evidently the dressing room. In one corner a small square enamelled basin was nailed to the wall with a small mud-coloured towel hanging beside it. We compared this

idea of cleanliness with that existing in Japan where every household poor or rich possesses a large wooden bath in which master and servant may indulge in a hot bath every day of their lives.

The shops which interested me most in Yunnan Fou were those selling Chinese robes. I spent hours trying on silk and satin coats which might be turned to account for ordinary wear. The women's coats with their wide sleeves were too short to be of use for any thing but opera cloaks and I turned my attention chiefly to the men's long narrow tunics. For the fashion of that time they wanted very little alteration and I examined the entire stock of many a little shop.

The Chinese shopman in spite of his great commercial reputation seems always loth to show you his goods. When you want to buy a tunic he will pull out *one* from a shelf behind him, spread it out before you and then lean back idly watching you while you examine it. He really seems to think we Europeans capable of buying just the one he shows us without seeing others! We were often so irritated at having to ask for, almost demand each one singly, that we felt tempted to abruptly leave the shop. How different from the European shopman who immediately displays not only his whole stock of the article you demand but often a great many other things besides; he tempts you to buy not only by his manner of showing off his goods and his own admiration of them, but by means of contrast.

The Chinaman will never show you all at the same time. As soon as you have tried on a coat and discarded it, he will carefully fold it up again and put it away. Comparison is therefore impossible. Nearly all these coats had already been worn and many of them were dirty or stained. It was extremely difficult to find coats which were entirely new. It is only after a customer has made a purchase and paid for it that the Chinaman begins to take some interest

in him. He then shows articles newer and better but when you wish to make a fresh selection he refuses outright.

My only other purchase in Yunnan Fou besides coats and furs was an umbrella.

It suddenly occurred to me that if I possessed one of those big red oil-skin umbrellas I should be able to keep it. Shortly before leaving England an aunt had asked me what I should like for a present and I had answered "an umbrella which could not be lost". She had sent me three by return of post, but two had disappeared before I even arrived in the East. The Chinese manufacture would perhaps bring me better luck. I hoped that on my return to Haiphong, people who had once seen it would never forget it and would send it back when I left it in their houses. Natives would hardly dare to steal so unique an article nor would my friends care to borrow it. If really I had found an umbrella which could be neither lost, borrowed nor stolen I was making an invaluable investment and I ventured into an umbrella shop. There were only two sorts, the blue oil-skin and the red oil-skin. They were all of the same shape, size and weight. I chose a red one. On a dismal rainy day it would mean at least one bright spot in the gray surroundings and atmosphere.

In Japan one is almost consoled for a shower of rain by the pretty sight of all the yellow umbrellas suddenly shooting up. The parasols of Japan are of all the colours of the rainbow and even the ordinary yellow umbrella with the black swerves of Japanese characters on one side is a pleasure to look at. I remember seeing a number of small Japanese children leaving a primary school. The sweep of yellow which suddenly hid the road as the umbrellas were held daintily aloft seemed to lighten the atmosphere. What a contrast to the effect produced in England when a crowd is caught in the rain. The Chinese umbrella is not as dainty as the Japanese but it is certainly preferable to the black



cotton European article and I was very pleased with my purchase.

There are many shops and booths for the sale of green earthen-ware in Yunnan Fou; bowls, large and small pots, vases, &c. From a distance they look rather attractive but in one's hands the defects are immediately visible for the surface is rough and uneven. They are not made in the town but come from a neighbouring village and one often meets packhorses laden with them along the road leading from the North Gate.

Yunnan Fou is a centre for distributing salt and tea, and every day one sees caravans of packhorses leaving the town with blocks of rock-salt roped on to their backs. The salt is formed into great round even blocks about a yard across and a foot high but it is never seen like that. The block is cut into 4 quarters and in that shape it is carried or displayed in the shop with black and red characters painted on it. For a long time I puzzled my head over what this white substance could be that every where caught my eye.

The coiffeur shops interested us vastly. They were always full, in fact two or three Chinese were usually sitting on a bench just outside awaiting their turn. The profession of hair-dressing and shaving was entirely revolutionized when two years ago the Chinese all had their pig tails cut off. Possibly the new generation of hair-dressers has hardly had time to be trained.

Chinaman, instead of leaning back in a comfortable arm chair to undergo the operation of shaving, bends forward; he sits on a low bench, his feet on a foot-stool and his head supported by a sort of towel-horse arrangement on which he leans his forehead. As his arms and shoulders are completely hidden by a cloth which is wound round him and only the head and neck thus balanced is to be seen, he looks as if he might be awaiting the executioner. It is evidently a most trying position, for when the shampooing and

shaving or hair-cutting is finished, the hair-dresser massages his customers back, arms, and neck, probably to bring back the circulation. Children hate having their heads shaved and must generally be held still by force; they scream with all their might the whole time.

Women were never to be seen in these shops. Their hair-dressing is probably done in private by their sisters or mothers. I often wished I could see the process.

The shampoo and shave was usually followed by a cleansing of the ears. It is wonderful to see the number of different instruments the Chinese possess for this performance. They remind one of a dentist's outfit. The Chinese evidently does not object to his ears being touched and pulled about for he sits without moving a muscle during the hour or so that the operation takes. The coiffeur perches himself on the narrow bench by his side and balances himself in a squatting position. It makes a curious picture.

The restaurants and tea-houses were also interesting. The men sitting smoking and sipping at their little bowls of tea or alcohol looked as if they intended remaining there till doomsday. Even those at the same table seldom spoke to each other. All seemed to be in a state of quiet content. Many Chinese were perched on their narrow benches like monkeys on a branch, others had their legs stretched along it and leant their backs against the wall but most were sitting with elbows resting on the table bending over their beverage. In one corner of the tea room there was always a huge kettle kept continually on the boil by a few live cinders. Never have I seen such kettles as in Yunnan Fou. One person alone could certainly not lift them, even to tilt them forward to fill smaller receptacles required a whole man's strength. The small kettles which were filled from the large one on the fire were taken from table to table to make fresh tea and fill up the bowls.

The story-teller is the great feature of Yunnanese tea-

houses. He stands or sits on a little platform at the back of the room and tells his tales with many dramatic gestures and intonations. It is he who is often responsible for the popularity of certain restaurants. The Chinese who are so enthusiastic over the drama naturally appreciate the story-teller also. One often hears him far down the street. He sometimes engages a man with a wooden drum to accompany him and bang on his instrument at certain intervals. This is to punctuate his narrative and to emphasize his most telling sentences which might otherwise pass unperceived. The drumming stands also for applause. The hearers themselves never show their appreciation except by a very occasional smile. They are none the less evidently interested for they listen attentively and never interrupt by talking among themselves.

Most stories are about the supernatural—spirits of the earth and air, genii, magical signs, &c. but there are also dramatic, sentimental and humorous recitals.

The story-teller must possess the strongest larynx and lungs for he never seems to stop for breath. And he does not talk in an ordinary tone, making dramatic effects by pitching his voice a little lower or higher as we should do or by speaking slower or faster; he seems wound up like a clock; the shouting, the guttural sounds, the long drawling sentences follow each other mechanically.

At certain hours but especially towards evening these restaurants become more lively, for a stove is brought just outside the entrance and dishes of all sorts and kinds are prepared for the evening meal. Cooks evidently like to display their dexterity publicly and perhaps too they count on attracting customers by the appetizing smells they send forth.

The Chinaman is said to be the best cook in the world. He is supposed to be able to vary his dishes indefinitely even in a country where comestibles are very limited. If there



are no cattle or sheep in the region, he will turn you out a hundred dishes from fowl or goat and would deceive you into the belief that you were eating a juicy slice of sirloin of beef or leg of mutton, if you did not know the impossibility thereof.

He also has an artistic way of serving up dishes so as to spare you the monotony which jades the appetite. He is also most economical and nothing is wasted. Naturally however the benefit goes into his own pocket rather than into his master's.

Valuable a cook as he is to the European, to his own country-men he is still more so. Cooking to him is an art as well as a profession.

Though the restaurant produces such a great variety of dishes for the choice of his customers, there seem to be some which are needed for every meal. I often used to peep into the saucepans and bowls as I passed down the street or stand for a minute and watch the frying of patties and cakes.

Of course there was always rice and this often of varying qualities; the very white rice probably cost a tenth of a farthing more than that which was reddish coloured. Then there was always a long white jelly-like substance in the shape of a bar of scrubbing soap on a wooden board. In spite of its tumbly texture it was always cut into fine even slices. Soup made with meat or vegetables looking and smelling very much like our own product was always steaming in one of the saucepans, and often in an earthenware jar of cold water a number of hard-boiled hens' or ducks' eggs were lying. Then too there was fish ready cut up for frying or boiling. All sorts of maccaroni-like substances and a great variety of cooked green herbs or vegetables filled a number of bowls on a shelf. A little of one or another was put round the rice for those who demanded it. Some of the baked cakes looked quite appe-

tizing; they were made with rice flour and sugar. I was occasionally tempted to buy a square of almond rock for one cent. It had very much the same taste as our own confections, though the Chinese use monkey nuts instead of almonds.

Hanging inside the restaurant to a line strung across the room were generally a number of ducks, dried and pressed out as flat as the palm of one's hand, also sausages of all sizes and colours. It must be remembered that Chinese do not mind eating any dead animal, be it horse, dog, or cat, and it is immaterial to them whether it reached its end by disease or old age. Of course their universally favorite meat food is pig as is the case with all the people of the East. Yunnan Fou is celebrated for its hams and every visitor took one back to his friends in Tonking. The Yunnanese seem to like mutton nearly as well as pork and it is not very much more expensive for them.

Meat is sold by weight, whereas fruit and vegetables are valued by handling and smelling. The Chinese have a curious weighing machine which is held in the hand. It is a thin metal bar with a hook on either end. The meat is hung on one hook the weights on the other and one frequently sees several anxious pairs of eyes intently watching the up and down movements of the instrument. It seems as if it would be most easy for the merchant to trick his customers by not holding the bar exactly in the centre, but as a rule buyers are as wary as sellers, and it must be believed that they could not continue the custom if cheating was possible. A Chinese would kill himself for a cent so that a few grams more or less is a question of vital importance. Fowls are always weighed alive and the cackling, twisting, struggling, animal is hung with its legs tied on the slender scales.

All Chinese merchants seem to keep written accounts. In the small shops there is always a man bending over a

big thin-leaved unbound book. By his side is the Chinese calculating machine, and every now and then he stops in his writing to push the wooden or porcelain balls up and down the metal rods.

The booths and costermongers, who have no permanent roof, have their accounts done by professional scribes whom one sees here and there sitting in the street at a tiny high table under a big umbrella. They generally wear spectacles and their demeanour is rigid, grave and imposing. Passers-by glance at the learned scribe with respect and seem to feel it an honour to speak to him. The children are bold who dare look over his shoulder and watch him write.

The shops, except those selling food and drinks, show little animation after sunset. Both sellers and buyers are so distrustful and suspicious that they prefer the full light of day for business dealings. The merchant probably keeps a special stock of stained or faded goods which he will try and pass off on the unwary customer with the help of artificial light and it is certain that many buyers reserve their bad coins for dark hours. Electricity installed by a German firm has been in use in Yunnan Fou for two years and many of the better Chinese shops have taken advantage of it. Some however do not apparently like modern improvements and have stuck to their little evil-smelling petroleum lamps. These are difficult to keep alight in the open air, where there is always a slight breeze, and the top of the globe has to be protected from draughts by paper shades ingeniously contrived. Many merchants have not even tried anything so civilized in artificial lighting as petroleum and have retained their little oil lamps. These resemble small kettles which are hung up by a string where they are needed. The flame comes from the spout but the light that it gives out is less clear than that of a candle. These oil lamps are principally used in fruit and vegetable shops



and in restaurants. Those selling the more modern inventions, alarm clocks, watches, soap, pictures of beautiful ladies in feathered hats or low-necked dresses, leather foot wear, pens and pencils, tooth-brushes, &c. are lighted by electricity.

The three systems of lighting side by side give a curious aspect to the Yunnan Fou streets. Though little selling takes place after dark, shops shut very late. Work goes on until the early hours of the morning, the spinning, weaving, enamel-work, embroidery, painting or whatever the inmates profession may be, continues as steadily as during the day. This custom originated in the fear of robbers. Merchants preferred to keep guard during the night and only felt safe to sleep at dawn. For this reason shops are still closed when the sun is already high and there are special police regulations specifying the hours that they must open. As the rules are not observed, it is not rare to see the police arousing merchants and making them start business by force. All Eastern people, Japanese, Chinese, Annamese rise and go about their various occupations at day break so that Yunnan Fou presents an anomaly in this respect. Of course opium smoking which was formerly widely indulged in in this centre of the opium trade, may have also had its influence.

Walking through the streets as late as 8 and 9 a.m. I have often seen a Chinaman opening his door and making his first appearance into the light and air. His first action is to place a small earthenware terra-cotta bowl on the threshold, fill it with water and squatting over it rub his face with his hands then his arms and neck. No sponge, soap, or towel, seem to be necessary for the ordinary every day toilet. Then he takes down his shutters arranges his shop and the daily routine with its haggling and bargaining begins.

## CHAPTER X

### YUNNANESE CUSTOMS AND ETIQUETTE.

THE claims of etiquette are more severe in the East than in the West and in Yunnan, as throughout all China, the ceremonies attending an event of any importance are of even more consequence than the event itself. A Chinese will die content if everything appertaining to his funeral is ready and if he knows that all rites will be properly performed, whereas, if his coffin is not finished or if he is away from his family and home he will be in despair, doing all he can to prolong life.

The Chinese proverb that the dead rule the living and that the most important thing in life is to die and be buried in a proper manner and one befitting a man's rank is engraved on the soul of every Yunnanese. One day my husband accompanied Dr. Qui, the Annamese doctor of the French hospital to the bedside of a mandarin. The patient announced at once that he was going to die that day. He spoke calmly and quietly without a trace of fear or any other emotion. My husband at once explained that something could be done for him and talked of oxygen and injections of caffeine, hoping to reassure him. But neither the mandarin nor his family needed comfort or consolation. They asked, however, how long he might prolong life with medical help and when they heard it was only a question of hours, or a day or two at most, they all shook their heads at the idea. No, all was ready for his death, the family had

collected to say good-bye to him, there was no reason to put off the last moment if no hope of renewed vigour remained. Dr. Qui was not astonished at this attitude, for he had had long experience of it among the Annamese, but my husband who was accustomed to that clinging to life to the last which is natural to Europeans, was struck with admiration. The man died a few hours later talking quietly to his family and giving last directions about the ceremonies to be held after his death.

The soul of a dead man is supposed to pass into the ancestral tablet which is the most precious possession of every Chinese family and hangs above the family altar. His name is reverently inscribed underneath those of his father and grandfather in black characters on the narrow red board. The day of an important funeral is not fixed by rules of hygiene or convenience. Like so many other Chinese ceremonies the date is decided by professional fortune-tellers who declare that such a day is a "good" or "bad" day. The family listens to such counsels respectfully and obeys implicitly, for "Chance" plays an important part in the life of the Chinese. A wedding day is thus determined also, and if well chosen will bring happiness, prosperity and above all, plenty of children to the young couple. The particular day of his birth is most important to a Chinese, for the knowledge that he has been favoured by Providence or the reverse will affect all his acts and ambitions for life.

The day of his death, if unlucky, may be redeemed by perspicacity and wisdom in the choice of the day of interment. In the case of the mandarin, of whom mention has been made, it was fixed for three or four days after his death. This was unfortunate for us, for his home being in close proximity to the hotel, we had the full benefit of the Chinese fiddles and tom-toms which did not cease night or day, till his body had left the house. To our unaccustomed ears,



there seemed no melody in the performance and the monotonous scraping of the strings was most trying. Occasionally the wails of women rose above all other sounds making a weird impression in the middle of the night.

One meets many funeral processions in the streets of Yunnan Fou but this was the most important I had seen. It must have been a "lucky day" for funerals, as I had already met four when I chanced upon this one. Above the medley of pedlars' stalls, of packhorses, of hurrying pedestrians whose predominant colour was blue, one became aware of red, white and multicoloured draperies carried aloft. As a rule these processions attract little attention from the passer-by, but in this case the sound of pipes and drums was so deafening, the apparatus so numerous that fresh faces kept appearing at every shop door to gaze open-mouthed upon it. Nevertheless it did not occur to the ordinary pedestrian to make way by standing on one side; the first coolies in the procession had literally to push their way through the crowded street. All carried banners, blue red or white inscribed with gold characters. They were followed by four coolies carrying, by means of poles over their shoulders, a high erection of white draperies and cording. There were round slabs of cardboard or wood covered with white linen and boards with white frills round them superposed one above the other with white netting in between. Following, was another high scaffolding of the same sort, only with red ornamentations. The third carried little dummy figures on wires made of cardboard or paper which swayed to and fro with the movements of the coolies. I counted twenty-five of these curious erections before the coffin came into sight. They did not differ much in size or shape, some resembled a Noah's Ark, others a doll's house, others a Punch and Judy show. The last coolies carried a life-size picture, probably a portrait of the defunct. Walking alongside were men carrying Chinese squibs which they let off

one at a time at regular intervals. One was dropped close to me and exploding at my feet, made me start, much to the amusement of the onlookers. Interspersed between the different items of the procession were drums and pipes which let forth weird sounds, a style of music which apparently accompanies all great ceremonies, weddings and funerals alike.

The red lacquered coffin was on an open catafalque. There were no flowers, but it was draped with red and white banners. The chief mourners, consisting of three young men, followed the coffin. They were dressed entirely in white and were bending nearly double as they walked, never lifting their heads or eyes. Saliva trickled from their mouths. Two friends walking very erect on either side of each mourner, supported him by passing their arms beneath his armpits. They must have sustained almost his entire weight or he could not have kept up this position, a sign to the world of prostrate grief.

Behind the relations came walking two and two a number of students in blue tunics and trousers of very bad European cut. I imagine they were pupils of the defunct or perhaps they were simply friends of the sons. Last of all came a number of chairs, all closely shut, from which issued the usual wailings. Now and again I caught sight of the white powdered face of some girl through the wire netting of the chair and I was relieved to see that her expression was hardly in keeping with the doleful sounds which kept breaking from her. Her bright eyes were glancing here and there and she was evidently noting with pleasure the interest that the procession was arousing. From her closed cage, she could naturally see us better than we could see her.

It is in a similar chair that the bride goes to her future home. After many official visits of the future bridegroom

and of his parents to her home, and the presentation of the traditional wedding presents, the bride finally goes to the house of her parents-in-law where the last ceremony takes place. This consists chiefly in prostrations of the bride to her husband and his parents indicative of her entire submission to their will. For strange as it may seem it is not the character of her husband that will make or mar her happiness so much as that of his mother. It is she who will rule the household and the slightest fault or misdemeanour of her daughter-in-law will be severely punished. Only when a son is born will her lot be improved. The only woman for whom a man is supposed to show the slightest consideration and whom he does not look down upon as his absolute inferior is his mother, and she by years of submission to men, just because they are men, rarely exercises her will even on her sons. Those women therefore who have suffered in bitterness of spirit from suppression and tyranny vent all their pent-up feelings of rebellion and spite on their daughters-in-law. They in their turn do the same.

During the marriage ceremony, if the girl happens to sit on a lappet of her husband's coat it is a sign that she will govern rather than be governed. Such like superstitions are often corroborated by fact for the Chinese believe in them so firmly that they are unconsciously influenced by them.

Etiquette and superstitions take not only a predominant part in such important ceremonies as weddings and funerals, but in the smaller events of everyday life.

In Yunnan Fou I had the good fortune to be included in an invitation together with the wives of the British and French Consuls to dinner at the Governor's palace. At 5 o'clock when our friends was just about to begin tennis we women in our evening dresses, were packed into chairs with many admonitions as to how to behave and



what to say. Just as we were starting a red paper was brought to the Consulate. Mr. Wilden opened it and told us it was our invitation to the Palace! I was astonished for we had had one already, had accepted it and were practically on the way there. It occurred to me that perhaps we were late and this was to hurry us forward. But no! It appeared it was mere etiquette to repeat the invitation at the last moment.

Our chair coolies flew through the narrow streets with us. They shouted out and knocked people aside more peremptorily than ever, for were we not on our way to their much-feared and much-respected Governor. They evidently aspired to let everybody know our destination and the honour which had been shown us.

We naturally did not see General Tsai nor any other high Government official. Even those Chinese in continual touch with Western manners and customs and who seem to fall in with them easily have not adopted the one of dining with their wives in public.

I was solemnly introduced to all the ladies present before we sat down to our meal. The whole ceremony was very slow, very pompous and would have been very dull except for the novelty of it.

All the ladies were in their best and richest clothes, but the colours were sombre with no bright touches except in the embroidery. I think we were more at ease than our hosts, in spite of the fact that it was rather we than they who would be liable to make mistakes. I had been to Chinese dinners before and knew a little what to expect in the way of food, but never had I seen so many and varied dishes as here. They seemed never ending and though at first I had let few pass without tasting, I was obliged to give up even the pretence of eating towards the end for the meal.

Conversation was desultory and as only one lady might talk at a time, it was not easy to ask the questions I wished

and to converse in the same manner as in a tête à tête. And naturally a slow labouring interpreter is a great handicap!

The one assigned to me and who stood behind my chair evidently thought that, being a new-comer, I did not know what to say nor how to express myself and I am sure he added many superfluous adjectives and so rounded off my sentences that he did not at all translate my thoughts. I could tell this from the answers he reproduced, but nevertheless politeness obliged me to smile and nod at my neighbour as if I had understood and agreed with her. True understanding as between Europeans of different nationalities was impossible.

The most interesting incident of the evening was the introduction to us of the second wife of General Tsai. She was a Yunnanese and presented to him by the people of Yunnan Fou when he became Governor of the province after the Revolution. His first and legal wife had her summoned just after we had sat down to dinner. She came in with downcast eyes, either embarrassed by our presence or fearful of her co-partner. She was not invited to sit down and only stayed in the room a few minutes for Madame Tsai No. 1., after we had all stared at the poor woman, signed to her that she might disappear again. A few weeks after this dinner, the tables were apparently turned, for we heard that Madame Tsai No. 2. was in great favour, and that her predecessor was on her way to Honan to make a prolonged stay at her father's house.

We left the Governor's palace about nine, thankful to stretch our legs again after three hours at table on hard Chinese chairs. The last, half hour, like the first, was spent in making speeches of welcome and thanks—the same things said over and over again in different words.

## CHAPTER XI

### AN EVENING IN THE CHINESE THEATRE.

THE Chinese are as enthusiastic play-goers as we ourselves. It is perhaps their favourite mode of entertainment. All towns of any size boast one or more theatres and in the villages, the temples, being the largest buildings, are put at the disposal of the strolling troupes of actors who frequent every corner of the Empire. The Chinese spectator does not demand all the scenic effects to which we are accustomed so that stages can be improvised without difficulty. Even in the best theatres, there is practically no scenery, little furniture and no effects from coloured lights.

We require that every detail of staging and costume shall be correct to be capable of being illusioned but the Chinese are content with the gesture and words of the actors. They have more imagination presumably and are consequently able to create the right atmosphere of the piece without the help of superfluous details.

Plays are often acted too in private houses. A host will entertain his guests by engaging a troupe of actors and giving a performance during or after dinner. Towards the middle of the meal which is served at small tables, he passes round a list of plays and asks his guests to choose one of them. When the piece has been decided on, the curtain goes up and the diners from their tables watch the performance while they continue to taste and sip the interminable dishes and drinks which are served to them.



Shortly after the curtain has gone up it is customary to admit the public to the back of the room. As soon as the doors are open an eager crowd presses in and stands there open-eyed and open-mouthed till the last word has been spoken.

They make a more appreciative audience than the blasé over-fed guests. This mode of allowing the public to witness theatricals in private houses (privacy is not as with us a most prized luxury) accounts for the small number of theatres existing among a people whose histrionic taste is so developed. The Chinese get the benefit of such plays in all sorts of places and are thus able to indulge in their favorite pastime without going to the theatre.

The pieces written for the stage are innumerable. For centuries Chinese authors have devoted their talents in this direction. The drama has tempted them more than any other kind of literature. Some periods have naturally produced more than others. The subjects are very various but perhaps the most popular one has always been that of filial piety. This is the theme of *Pi-Pa-Ki* generally considered the best known play in China.

It is curious that a people who are so enthusiastic over dramatic art should despise actors. Yet they are considered by far the lowest class in China. Open contempt is shown to all who belong to this profession and they are nowhere admitted to the ordinary social life. It is true that the actors themselves seem to hold themselves as a class apart, and neither in dress nor in manners to conform to ordinary usage. They seem to be intentionally eccentric. But perhaps this is natural among those who lead a wandering life for they have lost the essential characteristic of their race—the permanent hearth and home.

We Western peoples, who think nothing of changing our place of residence, find it difficult to understand that clinging to one exact spot, one particular roof. For the Chinese

it seems impossible to carry on their family life except in the home of their ancestors.

At one time women acted as well as men, but those who did so were classed with prostitutes. They were considered beneath contempt. Then a century or two ago they were forbidden to act at all: it was considered not only immoral for the women themselves but also immoral for the spectators to hear virtuous words and witness virtuous deeds through the medium of characters so much despised in real life, the idea no doubt being that such worthless women should not be the means of inspiring sympathy and exhorting to piety.

It was naturally a terrible blow to dramatic art to give women's roles to young men and boys. How could one sex express all the sentiments and feelings of the other? No man understands the heart and mind of a woman so how could he thrill an audience with emotions of which he knows nothing? No such acting could be convincing.

Probably however, China has not a long way to go on the road to civilization before she allows her women to take up the profession again.

We were delighted when soon after our arrival in Yunnan Fou, we were able to get an idea of the Chinese theatre for ourselves. One day the British Consul suggested that we should make up a party and go there. We accepted the proposal with alacrity.

Yunnan Fou boasts two theatres, the most important being situated in a sort of public garden near the South Gate. This garden is a favorite resort by day as well as in the evening for though there are no flowers or caged animals, there is space and quiet and thus a relief from the streets. A number of tea-houses and restaurants of the better sort, scattered here and there, also attract many visitors. Some of the tea-houses are quite picturesque; instead of being entirely open to the public gaze there are

trellises covered with climbing plants in front of the verandah which lend a little privacy. Flowers in pots stand on the ledges of the balcony or are grouped at either side of the entrance making the restaurant look like a small summer-house.

The largest building in the garden is the theatre. Before entering, permission had been asked that we might all sit together in the same box, for in a Chinese theatre men and women are separated. Our party consisting of the British and French Consuls and their wives, the Italian Consul, and ourselves arrived together at the theatre entrance. We had difficulty in finding our way through the *mêlée* of chairs and coolies who blocked the doors. For a space of some twenty yards the utmost confusion reigned. Chairs were locked together by their shafts, coolies were pushing each other and quarelling. The light was dim for though many of the coolies carried lanterns which they held aloft for the benefit of their masters, these were pretty rather than useful.

However we finally collected our forces and showing our long slips of papers (tickets and programmes) to a blue robed, spectacled, Chinese, in a little box-office, we were led up a bare wooden staircase.

The box of honour which was allotted to us was unfortunately just over the orchestra, if one can call an orchestra a collection of 4 men making as much noise as possible, on a drum, and other instruments. For me the din they made completely spoilt the evening. For one thing it gave me a headache and for another it was absolutely impossible to hear any remark among ourselves or the explanations with which our interpreter occasionally enlightened us. Chinese comedies and dramas are not concluded in one performance as with us. Sometimes they last two or three days. And one must not expect to follow the story closely (that is not the aim of authors, actors or audience). It is a curious fact



that the language is not always understood by those Chinese who only rarely go to the theatre.

The scene being played when we entered was that of a woman pleading before a tribunal. Staging, as I said before, is of very little consequence in the eyes of the Chinese and the law-court was represented by a long table behind which sat the judges. That was the only piece of furniture. There were no mats on the bare wooden floor, no curtains round the walls to represent wings and hide the entrances and exits. The doors on to the stage were often carelessly left open and one caught a glimpse of a crowded room where numbers of actors were dressing and undressing.

The woman in flowing robe, probably some former mode of Chinese dress, was throwing herself into every attitude before the silent implacable judge. Her cheeks were bright red, her figure lithe and supple, her black oiled hair was coiled up in wonderful fashion, she had long-nailed, white, taper-like fingers. Her quick and agile movements as she begged for mercy or indignantly denied the crime of which she was accused were astonishing when her dress, swinging aside, disclosed to us her tiny feet. They were not more than three inches long and though perhaps not smaller than many others we had seen, yet no one possessed of such small extremities who did not hobble along like a cripple.

Then I remembered that no Chinese woman is ever allowed on the stage and that this must be a man taking a woman's part. I enquired how the small feet were engineered and was told that men who wish to train for woman's roles must learn to walk, run, skip, and dance on the tips of their toes like ballet dancers. The little Chinese shoe is fixed on the wearer's toe and his heel is cleverly camouflaged. The greatest skill and agility is required to spring about and twist and turn with the feet in such an unnatural position.

The effort demanded of the body, arms, legs, fingers and



HERO AND HEROINE IN A CHINESE DRAMA.  
BOTH ROLES ARE TAKEN BY MEN.



A CROWDED STREET.



THE SCRAPS OF RAG.



THE EAST-GATE OF YUNNAN FOU.



head which were all in movement at the same time, was equalled moreover by that demanded of the voice and lungs. The language of the stage is not the language of the street. Unnatural voices, shrieking, speaking through the nose, guttural sounds in the throat, are their principle modes of expression, and all is done with such energy that they sometimes look as if they would burst themselves.

This woman, evidently accused of the theft of a parcel which was placed on the table before the judge, became frenzied in her protestations of innocence. She blinded and deafened us by her extravagant gestures and high pitched tones. The judge remained unmoved however. He sat with unchanging expression, looking like one of the temple Buddhas. His puffy, whitened face, thick eyebrows and long drooping moustaches resembled exactly one of the deities in the pagoda of the 500 genii. He did not appear to take any interest in the criminal nor even the witnesses for the prosecution defence, a whole string of whom continually came and went off the stage. He must have finally condemned the prisoner for an executioner suddenly appeared who with a dagger cut her throat. During her death agony she leant against a man, who turned and rounded his back to support her. After remaining motionless in this position for a few seconds, the blood streaming from her throat, she was gently let down to the ground by her supporter who disappeared. I gathered he was not a character of the piece but some sort of stage dummy supposed to be invisible.

The Court of justice is a favourite stage topic in China, just as suicide is in Japan. Both are the result of the desire for revenge,—men or women who are determined to punish or be even with their enemies. A Chinese prefers to go to law in order to ruin his enemy, a Japanese prefers to kill him and commit suicide. When a Chinese borrows money from his master, friends, or family, it is generally either for a funeral or for taking a case to law. He does not seem to

mind that the suit may prove a pecuniary loss to him so long as he can bring his enemy to book, expose his evil deed, and triumph over him in public. While I was staying at the British Consulate at Yunnan Fou, a man employed in the office asked for a month's leave.

Why?

To go to Chang Lu.

What for?

To bring a law suit against an enemy who has defrauded me.

Of how much?

Thirty dollars.

But you will spend more than that to go to Chan Lu?

Yes, but it must be done.

How much will it cost you, journey and law suit included?

Over 100 dollars.

Have you that amount?

I have borrowed it.

At what percentage?

Fifteen per cent.

But will you be able to pay it back?

I do not know.

You will be ruined.

I must punish my enemy. He has defrauded me.

But you will lose time and money and gain nothing in the end.

I must be revenged on my enemy.

And if he cannot pay you? If he does not possess thirty dollars?

I will take his house, his food, his field.

Suppose he has none of those things?

I will take from him all he has.

But you will spend 100 dollars when at the most you will get thirty and perhaps not that?

Yes.

And in spite of all arguments, the man stuck to his determination and went off the next week with his borrowed money.

I never heard the end of the story. But he very probably was not back in a month and so lost his situation as well as his money.

Though revenge is the principal reason for which a Chinese goes to law, many seem to be fascinated by the atmosphere of a law-court and will engage in a suit for the mere pleasure of the *mise en scène*. To hear a judge and jury decide in his favour in front of the whole world is perhaps the greatest moment of triumph in the life of a Chinese. The difficulties of borrowing the necessary funds, of seeking out and coaching the witnesses, of bribing those who can influence the issue of the proceedings, seem only to add to his ardour.

It is not surprising then, that this national characteristic should be represented on the stage and arouse enthusiasm in the spectators.

After this scene the piece seemed to change, and in spite of the explanations of Amah whom the British Consul's wife had brought with her, we could find no connection with what had gone before. Amah was so excited that her English was incomprehensible and so anxious was she not to miss a word of what was passing that she broke off in the middle of every sentence. Her face was nearly as red as that of the painted actress and she amused us with her unrestrained laughter at the jokes, and her convulsive clutchings at her chair when all did not run smoothly with the heroine.

The interest now turned on two married couples,—one woman plotting to kill her husband with the help of the other man who was her lover. The wife first drugged her husband, making him drink alcohol into which she had poured some sort of poison. When he had fallen forward on to the table, she called in her lover who was waiting



behind a small screen which represented the adjoining room, and together they killed him and dragged him off the stage.

Then came a whole series of incidents,—murders, suicides, men with whips, jailors with prisoners, more tribunals, the abandoned wife being a tragic figure and taking part in every event.

This medley of incidents and the numbers of characters introduced one after another gave the impression of a bad dream. As in a nightmare, one strained to understand incomprehensible things and to put straight inextricable elements of confusion.

Our attentions were continually distracted from the stage by the theatre attendants who from time to time passed in front of us offering refreshments. As soon as we entered, bowls of tea had been served to us and these were replenished every five minutes by a small Chinese boy with a large kettle who ran along a small ledge on the outside of the boxes. If he had not had the physique of a tight-rope walker he would have assuredly fallen on the heads of the audience below. We were offered not only tea but dried prunes, plums, raisins of all sorts and several kinds of small nuts or almonds. I tasted nearly everything paying no attention to my husband's frowns and wilfully, ignoring the fact that these dainties must have been touched and fingered by numerous hands. Some of the plums were quite good.

The Chinese audience interested us greatly. One balcony opposite us, divided into boxes, was entirely filled by women. They seemed mostly young women and there were many girls and small children. The whole of the parterre was taken by men. They were more excited and enthusiastic than the women, laughed louder, stood up oftener and evidently grasped the various situations much more quickly.

Suddenly there was a movement which seemed to elec-

trify all the audience and looking towards the stage I saw the woman who had murdered her husband throw herself off a high table on to the floor. Around her were standing hideous men with all sorts of weapons and queer instruments. They were rejoicing at her fall. They danced round her with wild antics and triumphant cries, entirely loathsome in their savage glee.

The meaning of this weird and gruesome picture suddenly dawned upon me, the wicked woman of the story had committed suicide and thrown herself into Hell. These inhuman-looking monsters were devils of the nether world.

From this moment till the end of the evening a series of tortures followed each other continuously, each one always worse than the last. This was the part of the performance that the audience looked forward to most eagerly and accounted for that wave of excitement I had noticed.

It was awful to think, as we watched this horrible scene, that these very tortures had been inflicted by the Chinese not only in times past, but that, during the revolution, such atrocities had taken place in this very town only two years before. And they had not moreover been confined to victims of their own race; Europeans too had endured these things. This thought filled me with a hatred of the Chinese that I had not felt before. And the gloating of the spectators over the realistic scene was even more disgusting than the actual tortures. Their attitude was a proof that cruelty was inherent in their nature. If war again broke out the same methods would be employed: death by torture would await all who fell into their hands.

If the Chinese fail to be altogether convincing in their love scenes or family quarrels, they make their tortures as life-like as possible. We saw men stripped and beaten while they shrieked for mercy, others bound hand and foot and thrown on to boards covered with sharp nails. How they simulated the blood pouring from every wound I do not

know. Then there were others whose tongues were cut out before being tortured and the silent writhing of the victims was worse than their shrieks. Men were crucified or cut to pieces inch by inch. First the nose was sliced off and flung aside, then the ears, the eyes followed suit, &c. &c.

My husband kept saying to me "Don't look just now. Don't look" but though I continually turned away in horror, the scene had a horrible fascination and I glanced towards the stage every few seconds in spite of myself.

Even children were tortured. Fires were lit and when the flame sprang up high in sudden gusts, tiny mites entirely naked were passed from hand to hand from the wings to the man in charge of the fire who dropped them in. Though perhaps the children were not actually scorched or burnt, the torture to them was evident; one could see how terrified they were and how they shrank and threw themselves back as they reached the flames. But their struggles were useless; the huge brawny man, a hideous-looking monster, mercilessly held them for a second above the fire and they disappeared from sight. I think what seemed to us to be a solid mass of flame was probably only a narrow line of fire, a circle or semi-circle which flared up for a minute at a time and gave out little heat. Any how they were not burnt for it was the same two or three children who were brought back to the wings and passed along again and again. That they did not accustom themselves to the ordeal was very clear, yet nobody protested at these small mites acting in such a scene. It was a wicked performance.

There were other tortures of children which I hid from my eyes, it was enough to see them standing naked, white and motionless tied to a stake. I could not look further.

Some men were cut open and disembowelled before they were killed. Yard and yards of entrails were pulled across the stage. The torturers as well as the victims themselves were covered with blood.



I had seen pictures of all the tortures practised by the Chinese in one of the temples close to the town. All along the wall on one side, behind a row of plaster Buddhas, were depicted those inflicted on men, on the opposite wall, those inflicted on women. They were painted with much detail and in bright colours—human victims cut in half with a saw, ground down by a mill stone, thrown to wild animals, tied to the top of a stake and slowly burnt by a fire beneath. Thus I was not altogether unprepared for the scenes before us. But I could stand no more. I felt sick and asked my husband to take me away. We were followed by the rest of our party. The crowd below who had been at first much interested in our gestures of approval or disapproval did not even notice our exit. They were mostly standing, straining forward lest they should miss a single detail of the scene before them. Their eager, cruel expressions, their glistening eyes feasting on the scene of blood, was as horrifying as the performance itself.

We had stayed however, as we heard next day, almost to the end of the act. A few decapitations finished the evening. Men were forced down on their knees, their necks placed over blocks of wood and their heads severed by a single stroke of the executioner's sword. The bodies rolled in one direction, the heads in another, a most mystifying and clever trick.

We had all of us seen enough however and did not regret having missed this final act. I vowed it should be my first and last visit to an Oriental theatre. We heard later that the particular performance we had seen was rare, almost unique in Chinese theatrical annals and that we ought to consider ourselves extremely lucky to have seen it!!

## CHAPTER XII

### A YUNNANESE VILLAGE.

THE Yunnan Fou Plateau like the other plateaux of the province was formerly a vast lake. It is on these ancient lake beds, which are of extraordinary fertility that all the towns and large Yunnanese villages are to be found. These great stretches of flat land of which every corner is cultivated support nearly the whole of the Yunnanese population. The rough and sterile mountain-sides are left to the Shans and other aboriginal races.

When travelling across the province and for days seeing nothing but precipitous slopes and rocky river-beds, a placid lake whose banks team with life or the even surface of a plateau bearing on its vast bosom a town and many villages comes as a most agreeable surprise.

The Yunnanese manage to produce two or three crops a year; in summer the whole plateau is one huge rice-field, in winter cereals are for the most part grown.

I had expected to see poppy fields round Yunnan Fou, for this district was at one time more famed for its opium than any other part of China, but for several years now the law has been so drastically enforced that there remains no sign of the cultivation of the forbidden drug. On the arrival of General Tsai as Governor of the province at the time of the Revolution, the last fields were stamped down and destroyed by his troops. It is said however that since his departure for Peking poppy-seed has again been sown in small quantities in well-hidden spots.

No rivers run across the Yunnan Fou plateau. It is irrigated by canals which, centuries ago, must have been cut along the beds of tiny streams for they are never straight but wander in and out across the even surface of the plain. The banks of these canals catch the eye, for they stand 5 or 6 feet high and are planted with pine or cypress trees. Here we liked best to ride, for the little path on the top of the bank was not stone-paved like the high roads and the trees gave us welcome shade. Our coolies and mafous by energetic signs always protested against our following such a path for naturally it was never the shortest or most direct. A Chinese cannot understand our dislike to his national paved roads; the stumbling of his steed is no discomfort to him.

The villages round Yunnan Fou all lie along these canals. Wells have nevertheless to be dug, for during a short period before the summer rains, many of the canals dry up. They are seldom used however, except as a resting place for the children.

We found these Yunnanese villages most picturesque and an absolute contrast to those in Annam or Tonking. In the Tonkinese delta a village is recognized by thick high bamboo hedges and groups of betel-nut palms. No huts are visible from the outside and even when you penetrate through the village door which is little more than a hole in the hedge, the low thatched roofs are very unnoticable. Nor do the children playing round their homes attract attention; their little naked bodies or drab coloured clothes are lost in their surroundings.

The Yunnanese village is surrounded by a mud brick wall, and all the houses are made also of mud bricks. Narrow passages serve as streets and though many large courtyards separate groups of houses there are few open spaces. It is the inhabitants themselves who make the Yunnanese village picturesque. The red cheeks of women



and children their bright coloured clothes, their manner of grouping themselves at their doorway, their attitudes as they nurse their babies talk, sow, or wash, engage one to stop and peep into every courtyard. There are no trees or bushes either round the villages or inside the walls, the green foliage of Annamese villages is absolutely wanting. They spring up in the midst of the even surface of rice-fields like a small ant-hill in the short grass. If it was not for the pines and cypresses overhanging the canal along which nearly all houses stand, there would be no vegetation at all. But it is just this stream of water with its trees on either side which is the chief characteristic of the villages on the Yunnan Fou plateau. On one of our first rides we came to a village on a canal path where all the inhabitants seemed to be occupied on its banks. The canal was deep, and here and there stone steps ancient and worn, evidently centuries old ran down to the water. Men and children were mounting and descending these staircases carrying their wooden buckets which they had filled with water.

Further on were women washing clothes scrubbing away, apparently without soap, at shapeless looking garments. Again were children washing rice and maize in baskets, or scraping the mud off potatoes and other vegetables. Some were having a bath at the same time. Horses were being watered where the bank was less steep and at one spot I even saw two men looking like immovable statues silently fishing with rod and line.

In the centre of the village was a broad round unrailed bridge, very old, very picturesque. These round bridges in the form of a big cart-wheel are always an attractive feature in China. They seem to be the favorite resort of those who can enjoy a little idleness, here the men come to smoke and meditate, the women with their babies and girls with their sowing who want to chat together. The

children prefer to be on the canal edge, with their hands and feet dabbling in the water and splashing each other.

Instead of taking us across this bridge our guide led us a little further down the village where we found one consisting of two planks of wood. Probably he feared to disturb those sitting there, or perhaps he was curious to see how we should comport ourselves on horse back at such a juncture. If so, he must have been disappointed for we all passed over without hesitation or comment though as regards myself I trembled with nervousness. On the further side the villagers had built their houses close up to the banks leaving a margin of less than a foot wide for passers-by. As we happened to meet a buffalo with a small boy on its back just at this spot, the stupidity of such lack of space was brought home to me. If I tried to pass the monster, either my pony or the buffalo must be forced down the bank—probably my pony and perhaps not untouched by those enormous horns which for me seemed to fill the whole horizon. I hesitated to turn round on the narrow path lest my steed should start a fight with the pony behind, besides it might have the effect of obliging the whole cavalcade chairs included, to turn round too. On the whole I preferred facing the obstacle to having it at my heels. As I was in the fore-front I shouted out in English to the child to take his animal down the banks and emphasized my words with ferocious signs. I knew very well by experience that these children can manage their charges without danger or difficulty. What was my relief when the child obeyed and even improved upon my orders. He turned the bulky animal completely round and made it retrace its steps at a jog-trot. This was done by a mere twist by the little hand of the rope attached to the beast's nostrils.

Neither in Tonking nor China are these domesticated buffaloes really dangerous. Though they do not like a white man and scent him a long distance off they are easily con-

trolled by a native child whom they know. Nevertheless one of these monsters at close quarters is a somewhat unnerving sight.

Before we were out of the village our narrow canal path was entirely blocked by bundles of rough fire-wood which were being loaded into a sampan. I turned therefore to the right through a village street so narrow that I could touch the low doors of the houses on either side with my stirrups. Women and children on the thresholds looked up at us in surprise; they were not used to seeing Europeans in their obscure alley. The economy of space in a town bounded by fortress walls one can understand but why this crowding together in a village merely surrounded by ricefields? The Chinese love to live herded together, and privacy and quiet which are so essential to our comfort do not appeal to them at all. Having no nerves—and the way one's chair coolies sleep is sufficient evidence of that happy omission in their anatomy—they do not mind the noise nor the discomfort which is entailed by living one on the top of the other. A Chinese can sleep in any and every position—whether sitting on a small stone with no support to his head, or lying full-length on a narrow bench or the balustrade of a bridge. It is all the same to him whether he be exposed to the full sun, or with no protection on a cold night, he sleeps as heavily. He may be surrounded by a mass of barking dogs, native squibs may be exploding like so many guns at his door—he is not disturbed. No shouting in his ear could ever wake my chair coolie, it was only a shake or a whack with a stick which could arouse him. This capacity for sleep is the only thing for which I envy the Chinese. What strength it would give to us if we could sleep like that.

In the open spaces between the village streets were round stacks of hay covered with straw thatch. They were so close together that it was with great difficulty we could pass between them. If there was a free spot of ground avai-



lable, be sure a woman would immediately employ it for spreading out her clothes or laying out her paddy to dry or for beating out the grain from the stalks. For this latter purpose by the way, they used long sticks of which the bottom half was firm and the top half turned round on itself coming down with force on the dry stalks.

Nowhere round Yunnan Fou are bricks baked artificially. All the huts are built with sun-dried bricks which keep their natural mud colour. It seemed to me astonishing that walls thus made should not crumble or fall down of their own weight but probably owing to the very dry climate at this high altitude, they seem to resist well.

As in Indochina it is principally the women who are employed in the rice-fields. It is they quite as often as the men, who are to be seen working the water-mill which draws the water from the canal to irrigate the fields. They stand by couples pushing the handles to and fro from early morning to late evening. The ploughing of the fields, which is only started when they are flooded and the water has softened the earth, is done by the men. It requires more than a woman's strength to keep the clumsy plough at the proper angle and at the same time direct the movements of the buffalo which drags it. Fortunately buffaloes are a domesticated animal in the East for one cannot imagine horses plodding up and down in the deep mud and water. Buffaloes are never so happy as rolling in wet mud so that the slow movement to and fro, with the water often up to their knees is no uncongenial task to them.

The rice is always sown closely in one corner of a field, and when some ten inches high is planted out shoot by shoot. This is women's work and when we first arrived in Yunnan Fou we could never go beyond the walls without seeing rows of women in the fields, up to their knees in mud, pushing down the shoots into the soft earth. Most of these women wore red cotton trousers and as they

bent low over their task one could only see their rounded backs and their big straw hats. It gave the impression of a row of enormous scarlet stalked mushrooms in a sea of green. They rarely raised their heads except to take fresh bundles of shoots from a child who fetched them at intervals from the sown patch of emerald green. If, however, during that momentary pause, one of them happened to catch sight of us she would draw the attention of her companions. Then they would all stand upright and stare and laugh at us, making jocular remarks to us or about us. Their faces were nearly as red as their trousers with heat and exertion. When we had passed by and they had exhausted their stock of comments on our general bearing and appearance, they would give themselves a last stretch and continue their task. The children, whom their mothers had brought to the field with them, remained on the dikes between the fields. Some of them were looking after the buffaloes not in use for ploughing and preventing them eating the young rice. In Tonking little girls are often in charge of these monster animals and it is really curious to see a small mite under ten years old sitting fearlessly on the buffalo's back with her bare legs dangling over the rough grey hide. Sometimes she lies full length along its back and sleeps in this position balancing herself instinctively as the buffalo moves slowly along munching the grass. Yet in some ways they are much more timid than the boys and if my husband and I, on an excursion, called to a group of children it was only the boys who would come forward. If we then drew attention to the girls in the back ground or beckoned to them, they would immediately take to their heels with or without their buffaloes. When we told the boys to fetch the girls they only laughed.

But in Yunnan as in Annam, it is only the boys who look after the buffaloes. They certainly like their task for it gives them a free and out-of-door life. From sun-rise to

sun-set they are in the open, leading their charges to the best patches of grass in the neighbourhood driving them into the shade of the trees when the sun is hot and to the water in the evening. All day long they play hide and seek, scampering in and out between the grey monsters or they sleep on their backs or they lie and dream on the grass at their feet. In the evening they strip, throwing aside their little trousers and tunics and accompany their charges into the water. The animals obey them with as much docility as if these mites of children with their little canes could hurt them through their thick hide. The children enjoy their bath as much as the buffaloes and on hot days remain for hours in the water.

The baby buffaloes in their gambles sometimes stray from the rest of the herd and the children then imitate the shrill snort of the mother and bring them back without the trouble of going to fetch them. It is only just before dusk that the children, tired out, drive them back to the village.

Buffaloes are the only animals for which the Chinese really seem to have any affection or to which they give proper care. Horses, dogs and cats are not only uncared for, but are often needlessly tortured.

Probably girls are not to be seen with the buffaloes in China because, owing to their bandaged feet, they are not capable of any duties which call for activity. In Yunnan, it is not only the wealthy classes who indulge in this crushing of the feet, the poorest country peasants do it too. In fact from what I saw in the girls' schools in Yunnan Fou, it is to the more educated classes that any effort to change the custom is due. It is towards the age of six or seven that the little feet are bound up so that what should be the best years of youth, those in which all active movement, all play, is an immeasurable pleasure, are the saddest for them. Not only can they not enjoy all the delights of their age but they suffer continually. To run about the fields with their brothers is natur-



ally impossible. When they are able to walk again without too much pain, they can only do so as cripples. What a contrast is there between the stiff movements of the women working laboriously in the fields in Yunnan and the free, supple, easy ones of those in Tonking.

In Tonking the marketing is almost wholly done by women: it is their chief and favourite occupation for it gives them liberty and independence. They are glad to escape the supervision of the mother-in-law and join their friends. The long trudge with the heavy baskets is a pleasure to them for as they trot along in single file they can chat freely and without restraint, and they have no foot-gear like the Chinese nor corsets like Europeans to hamper their movements. Then too they are past masters in the art of bargaining and love to exercise it in the sale of their produce. The Chinese woman is far inferior in this respect, and whereas a Tonkinese husband leaves all financial concerns to his wife, in Yunnan she is not even consulted. Here the men predominate in the market and the women one sees act merely as beasts of burden. To them is denied the pleasurable excitement of bargaining. Chinamen living in Tonking recognize the superiority of the women there and often marry Tonkinese wives.

The Yunnanese woman if inferior to the Tonkinese in organization and financial concerns is more industrious with her fingers and more thrifty. A Yunnanese, unless carrying a baby, is eternally sewing or washing. Every-garment of her family is mended till it is threadbare and when the stitches will no longer hold, the rags are turned to some other account. As in the matter of food, nothing is allowed to be wasted. Economy thrift and industry are inherent in men and women alike. The extravagant, gambling propensities and idleness of which Tonkinese women are often accused is practically unknown here.

It is not rare in Yunnan to see four generations of a family

employed at the same task. Children of four or five years old can accomplish such work for instance as the picking of tea or the shelling of cotton. It has been noticed that in districts where children at an early age are able to cover the cost of the rice which feeds them, there is much less infant mortality.

Chinese children have no organized games with fixed rules like ours. Toys such as tops, shuttle-cocks and especially those made of coloured paper such as lanterns and kites abound. Flying a kite is as popular a pastime with the old as with the young and one may often see men of middle age in the fields vying with each other in the height they can send them. They show the greatest keenness and eagerness over every movement of their coloured toy in the air.

Children who mix with Europeans and join in their games such as tennis or billards become quickly expert.

Yunnanese villages seem to be free on the whole from petty thefts. This is probably due to the severity of the punishments for robbery which were till recently out of all proportion to the damage done. Also householders take infinite care of their property trusting nobody and allowing nothing out of their sight. The loss of a few handfuls of straw or a bundle of fire-wood drives a Yunnanese quite beside himself. If it is impossible to discover the culprit either by his own investigation or with the help of the village authorities he indulges in what is called "reviling the street". He stands at his door or perhaps on the roof of his house and curses with the utmost vehemence the man, woman or child who has robbed him.

His whole vocabulary, every oath or invective in the Chinese language is summoned to his aid. The family, ancestors and posterity of the culprit are alike condemned and consigned to the same fate.

The first time I was a witness of such a scene, I thought the man standing on his roof screaming, and pouring forth

such a torrent of words and at the same time gesticulating so violently was a mad-man. He certainly must have been mad for the moment, for it needed more than ordinary human strength to maintain a tirade so vociferous. All his vocal chords seemed about to burst and every muscle was at its highest tension. His face was red, his eyes starting out of his head, his clothes in disorder. A crowd which grew and dispersed, and grew again watched him from a little distance. Occasionally two men would smile at each other as they nodded disdainfully in his direction but on the whole even the impassive, immovable China-man seemed impressed and looked nervous and uncomfortable.

To me it was a terrifying sight. He must surely have lost all his money or perhaps his home, to have worked himself into this mad passion. I could hardly believe that the whole explanation was that a few square yards of maize from one of his fields had been cut down and carried off during the night. It is natural that a man whose whole life is engrossed in gaining or saving a cent will not submit to being robbed without a protest, but still. . . .

I was told that occasionally women act in the same manner. The scene must then be even more distressful. To see these quiet little villages one would hardly believe such upheavals possible. The groups of women on their doorsteps, the children playing in the courtyard, the low murmur of the men as they smoke and chat convey a so altogether different atmosphere. One seldom heard a raised voice or saw an angry gesture.

As a matter of fact such outbursts are the exception, the atmosphere of calm and peace the rule.



### CHAPTER XIII

#### THE COPPER TEMPLE.

THE Copper Temple is considered the monument of greatest interest in the neighbourhood of Yunnan Fou. The first excursion of new arrivals generally takes them there.

The Si-Chan temple is famed for its site, that of the 500 genii for the originality of its plaster Buddhas, the Rock pagoda for its frescoed walls, but none can compare with the Copper Temple in beauty of construction and harmony of proportion.

It is a work of art. Not only has discrimination and artistic feeling been shown in the choice of the site the natural beauties of which are in keeping with the building, but the architectural value is high and workmanship is of the best.

I visited this temple 4 or 5 times while at Yunnan Fou, spending the afternoon under the trees beneath its walls, and I got to know it well.

The first time my husband and I went there, it was with a party staying in the hotel. We decided to go on horseback though several of the ladies had never ridden before. This led to a very late start as, being unused to their borrowed costumes, they all needed help to dress. Their putties had to be put on for them and when at last they were ready, it took time and skill to mount them on their ponies. There were sudden shrieks and screams for help and because one wretched pack-horse took a step forward, its rider was immediately persuaded that she had a too fresh or unsafe mount and demanded an exchange. However the leaders

of the party showed a firm front and, as soon as we all had hands on reins and feet in stirrups, a start was made. The men did their best to divide themselves up among the women in case we wanted help, but as we were obliged to go in single file and some pack-horses preferred following certain others, this arrangement was somewhat difficult to carry out.

We could naturally only go at a snail's pace on the stone-paved road which twisted and turned through the rice-fields so that even the least skilled among us managed to keep our seats and even to carry on a desultory conversation, though with eyes always fixed on the horses head. Once as we reached a canal bank one of the men thoughtlessly put his pony to the trot. Consternation and catastrophe! For the two ponies behind must needs follow and soon their fair riders were keeping their seats by clinging round their ponies necks! It was a terrifying moment for us all and the air was rent with screams. As soon as the foremost pony came to a stand however, the others did likewise and nobody was any the worse.

One pack-horse, mounted by a young girl, suddenly, without warning, turned off the canal path down the bank into the water and began to drink. Mademoiselle tugged at the reins with such insistence that she nearly slipped over the animal's head. Finding that her efforts were of no avail she called out piteously for help. She was told to sit still and let the pony finish its drink which it was apparently determined to do. Realizing that no terrible accident was going to happen she took the advice and a moment later the pony lifted its head and quietly joined its fellows. In spite of many such-like vicissitudes we eventually arrived at the foot of the forest-covered hill on which the Copper Temple stands. The ponies were relieved of their saddles, tied up with any cords or straps at hand and left to graze.

We had now to mount three flights of steps which led up in a straight line to the pagoda. There was another path much less steep up which it would have been possible to ride, but we did not know of it at the time and in any case it would have been a pity to miss the sight of this straight stone stairway, overhung by trees, which continued up and up as far as the eye could see. There were stone archways from time to time, all differing one from another and more or less artistic. In the alcoves, on either side of these roofed archways, were highly-coloured ferocious-looking plaster Buddhas which we examined with exaggerated interest while regaining our breath. The last three archways are known as the Doors of Heaven. At each one we thought we must have surely finished our ascent. The last opened on to a courtyard embellished by a number of statues, most of them Genii of Thunder with the beaks and feet of birds. Immediately opposite us was a little pavilion, a sort of entrance-porch to the temple itself. The nearer the shrine, the more careful became the workmanship and the richer the materials used. Here the paving-stones were whitish gray and highly glazed. The little alcoves which contained on one side, a big bronze gong and on the other, an iron flag had distinct artistic merit. The stone railing round the Copper pagoda was finely sculptured and the steps leading up to it were of marble. These steps were divided midway by a beautiful sculptured dragon cut from a single marble slab. On ascending them we found ourselves on the terrace of the pagoda. In front of the big door was a huge black stone incense burner of beautiful proportions and highly polished. The temple itself is wrought of Copper, black and gold, and all finely sculptured. From foundation to roof, everything is of copper, porch, altar, pillars, and walls.

The innermost shrine is about twelve feet by eight feet—quite small in comparison with the outer temples and sanctuaries surrounding it. It dates from the reign of the



Emperor Ts'oung Cheng of the Ming Dynasty about the middle of the 17<sup>th</sup> Century. The general who designed and built it, intended to live there as a bonze when his career in the army ended. But as so often happens in China, the display of his wealth, necessitated by the construction of the temple, created him enemies. He was denounced to the Government who, fearing he would become too powerful, had him beheaded. The reason given was that the temple was an imitation of one in Peking—the forbidden city.

The interior of the temple is small and dark—just standing room for a single person. No light enters but by the double doors in front. The altar extends from one side to the other and it is impossible to see distinctly or touch the sacred objects or the medley of offerings of present and past generations which are arranged behind it. By craning one's neck, one manages to get a glimpse of a tortoise and a serpent, supposed to have been modelled out of the liver and intestines of a prince, whose statue stands in the middle of the altar.

As usual with these Chinese temples the interior was most disappointing; the promise held out by the exterior being quite unfulfilled. There was moreover for us Europeans no religious atmosphere whatever.

We wandered round the courtyard again admiring its roof, its little marble staircases, its parapet over which small Chinese boys were idly leaning. Every view of it was beautiful. Two trees standing behind it, their gnarled and crooked branches showing their great age, served to enhance its beauty. They were covered with pink blossoms and the ground beneath was red with fallen petals.

After lunch, spread out on a long table in one of the side temples we made our way on to the wooded hill-side and from there into the fields beyond. On the grassy slopes we found quantities of Edelweiss, the flowers being larger and with longer stalks than those in the Swiss Alps.

Having gathered a few we began to descend the hill, returning by the fields instead of the way we had come.

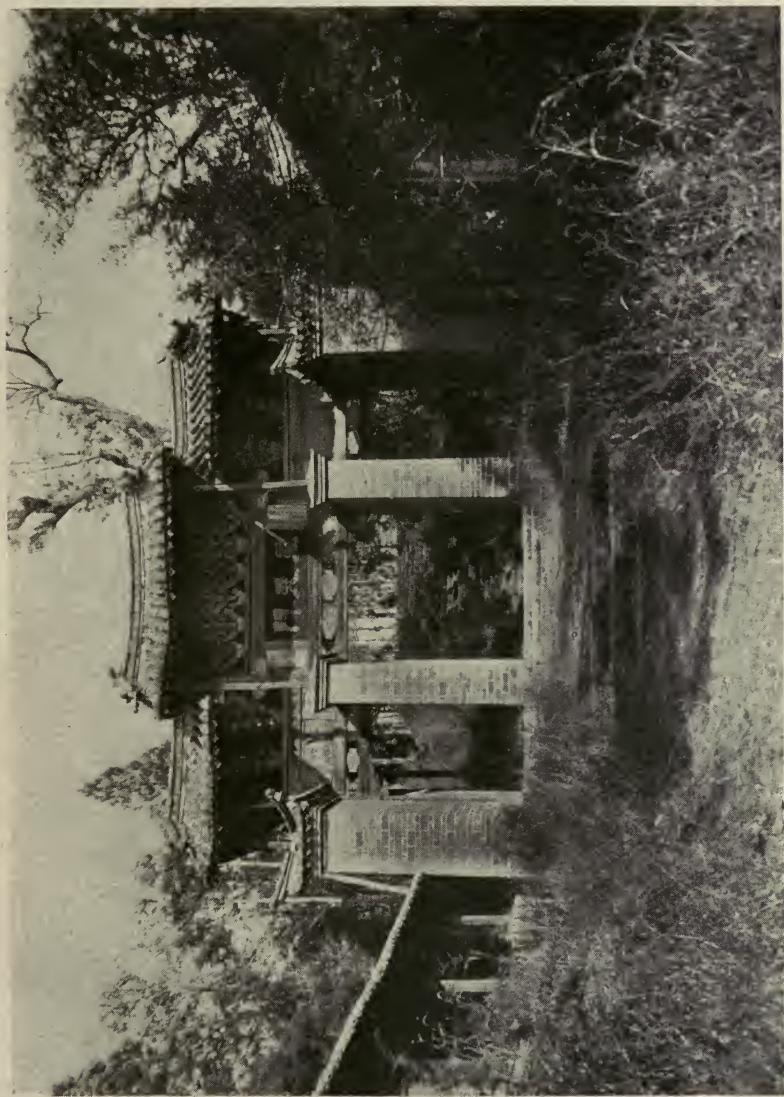
As we neared the spot where the ponies were tethered we heard a neighing and galloping. We hastened our steps and I shall never forget the sight that met our eyes. At least eight of the ponies had got loose and were fighting like wild animals. They reared up on their hind legs and struck at each other with their fore feet. They bit at each other furiously and some had blood running down their necks. They were not neighing in the usual manner, it was more like the shrill squealing of pigs. Some of them had their legs entangled in cords which hampered their movements. All the mafous but one had disappeared. It was a most unnerving spectacle—the first few moments of this pandemonium. A fight between tigers or boars or other wild animals would have made far less impression on me. But I had never imagined these ponies capable of such viciousness or of such shrieks. I felt like shrieking myself to drown the noise. The men had rushed forward at once to the nearest fighting horses and tried to catch hold of their ropes but it was impossible to approach. They ran the risk of being either kicked or having the ponies fall on the top of them. They fetched sticks and tried to separate them but if they succeeded in driving one pony away, the others only pursued it and the fight began again 50 yards away. If one of the men did manage to seize a rope he was immediately dragged along the ground and in a moment obliged to let go again. All this time my own pony was still tied up but now seeing two fighting animals approaching him, I rushed to unloose him and take him to a place of safety. He had been lent me for the day and I could not let him be damaged. I had undone the rope and was leading him away up the fields when he suddenly gave a furious neigh, sprang backwards, wrenching the rope from me and there was my pony too in the midst of the *mélée*! I hid my face

in my hands. I did not dare to look at what might happen. The rest of the party had now arrived and one poor lady was in the greatest distress at seeing her pet pony with blood on his neck and side in fierce fight. She ventured dangerously near calling out piteously Becon, Becon, Becon; on ordinary occasions he answered to his name and followed her like a dog but now he ignored her entirely. Her husband soon after brought her crying to where we women were standing at a distance in a helpless group.

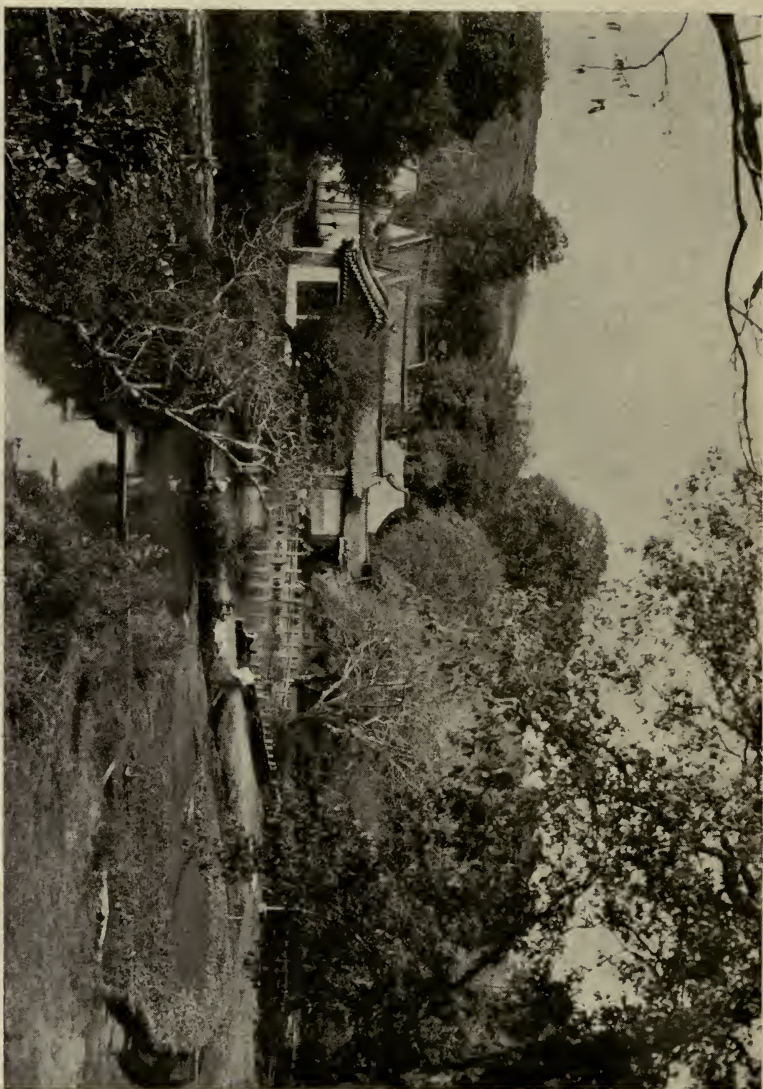
At last some of the ponies evidently grew tired of the fight and, moving away, began to munch grass as if nothing had happened. They were immediately caught and led to a safe distance. Finally all were secured but we were still so agitated that we hardly dared approach them and all declared we would rather walk home. However the men would not hear of our doing any such thing and we were commanded to hunt out our saddles and bridles for these too were all in confusion. Needless to say no one recognized their own. Some could hardly distinguish which pony they had ridden. If the start out had been difficult it may be imagined what the preparations for the return were like. Our one and only mafou was quite unable to saddle and bridle all those ponies and in any case he was too terrified to do anything right. We were all trembling. Even the men had their nerves on edge, and many were bruised and scratched, but they set to work to tighten girths and adjust stirrups, consoling and scolding the women in turn. Finally we were all mounted and a move was made towards home.

The return journey was a subdued one. Once safely at the hotel, I think we all came to the conclusion that large parties on horse-back were a mistake, and that the beauties of Nature as well as the interesting features of ancient Chinese temples could be better appreciated with one or two companions only. Our succeeding visits to the Copper





A DOOR OF THE COPPER TEMPLE.



HEI-LONG-T'AN.

Temple were peaceful and without incident and though a little later, we looked back on our first excursion there with much amusement, we did not try the experiment of a large party again.



## CHAPTER XIV

### THE PAGODA OF THE SI-CHAN.

YUNNAN Fou is situated on a plateau surrounded by hills. It is difficult to realize that you are at a height of 6000 feet as no glimpse is obtainable into valley or plain below you. Excursions too are always planned with the idea of reaching the bordering heights. The Chinese have built their temples in the prettiest corners of the hills and have left the trees standing for a certain distance round them, the result being that wherever one finds a temple, one also finds a sweet smelling pine forest or a shady mossy wood where one may rest.

It is a constant custom to set the wooded mountain slopes on fire, for the threefold purpose of freeing pasture for buffaloes or planting a little maize or simply for the sake of the charcoal.

The neighbourhood of these temples is ideal for picnics; not only can you lie full length on the grass under the trees when lunch has been disposed of, but if it rains you can shelter within the pagoda itself and have your meal there, the bonze on guard being always ready to provide you with water and wood if you wish to boil eggs or make tea.

The Si-Chan is the most famous temple near Yunnan Fou as regards its position. It is built high up on a precipitous mountain side overhanging the beautiful Yunnan lake. This mountain lake is in itself one of the great sights of the

province. It is rather a long and tiring excursion and unfortunately during the first fortnight while my husband was still with me, I was not feeling well enough for the rather arduous climb. The magnificent climate however was so invigorating, that before a month was up I was able to join a party from the hotel.

We started at 8 o'clock one morning Mr and M<sup>me</sup> L., their son Raymond, Mr D. and myself. Mr and M<sup>me</sup> L. went in chairs with four coolie-bearers each, the rest on horse-back. I took also my own chair and coolies in case of being tired and into this we heaped coats rugs cameras, &c. Another coolie carried our lunch, packed in two big baskets slung over his shoulders, while a boy from the hotel and two mafous were taken to look after our not too docile mounts.

There are two kinds of native ponies for hire. The first is a thin small knock-kneed animal like the poorest sort of pack-horse, which looks as if its back would break when you mounted it. In spite of its sorry appearance however, it will carry you to your destination and back in safety without your needing to touch the bridle, as long as it can just follow another pony nose to tail or its mafou. It cannot trot or gallop and, if deprived of its mafou, would probably lose all motive power, lie down and die. Such a mount has its advantages for people who have never been accustomed to riding and who prefer almost any means of locomotion to a chair.

The other kind of native pony is larger and stronger, holding its head up, is lively, capable of galloping and trotting but so obstinate that unless you immediately on mounting show your determination to be master, you may have a most disagreeable ride. For these ponies too, wish to follow their mafous or prance along in single file. They enjoy a fight and, given an opportunity, will kick or bite their neighbour or try to gallop after some quiet harm-

less horse tethered in a field, or peaceably munching grass by the road-side.

On the present occasion, no sooner were chairs, coolies, horses, and mafous, well under way than the inevitable fight for mastery began. We were now off the cobbled pavement and on one of the dike paths which wind in and out all over the plain of Yunnan Fou. These paths are five or six feet above the rice fields and are shaded with pines which make riding pleasant. The canal path on which we found ourselves would just allow two horses to go abreast, so I pulled up mine and waited for Mr D. to come alongside. His pony however came to a stand-still as soon as mine did and neither persuasion nor whip had any effect. It twisted and turned now nearly throwing its rider into the canal now into the rice-field, then it plunged into the hind legs of my pony which began kicking and nearly succeeded in throwing me. Finally I pulled my pony behind that of Mr D. and when a fresh start was made, managed with my rather less obstinate animal to get alongside his. Once in the position you wish it is easy to keep there. During these performances the mafou always tries to interfere and makes voluble explanations, but he is worse than useless as he never understands what you want, and if he did, his sympathies would be with the ponies rather than their riders. You therefore order him out of the way behind you, with the result that when really you do need him, he is not to be found. For instance, if you chance to meet a number of pack-horses on the narrow path, as is often the case, you need him to drive them into the rice fields or your fiery steed will certainly try to kick each one as it passes.

As we approached the lake, the dike which we were following grew to a canal. Every now and then we overtook sampans which were being towed along. Most of them carried a number of children who squalled among the motley baggage, while the adults with ropes round their



waists were struggling to drag the boat through the shallow water and mud. This shallow water was being still further diminished by the pumping machines which were in action on either side of the canal to irrigate the rice fields. These curious contrivances, somewhat resembling a ladder twelve or fifteen feet long, act like a tread mill dragging the water upwards slowly but surely. It is worked by one or two natives who alternately push and pull two stick-like handles. This instrument is never seen in Annam. There, the natives use a simple scoop or bucket supported by ropes from a tripod. From the dikes to the rice fields the distance would have been too great for this method here.

These pumping machines are working from early morning till dusk and one night we even saw one or two still going by the light of the moon. As a rule, work ceases at sunset, and these clumsy wooden ladder-like instruments are lifted up, and carried home on the two men's shoulders.

After skirting miles of ricefields and many villages we had our first glimpse of a blue stretch of water. A mountain lake is more fascinating than one at sea level and we pushed forwards eagerly towards the hamlet which was to be our place of embarkation. Chairs and horses stopped at a humble little pagoda. The pagodas take the place of hotels in Chinese villages. They are always the best buildings in the villages and provide the most comfortable resting place for travellers. The bonze in charge is always ready to open a side room for you, where you may fix up an improvised bed, and so take a siesta in the midst of Buddhas and incense burners. He will also provide you with hot water or anything else at his disposal. We did no more than glance round the courtyard of this particular pagoda, for our day's pilgrimage had hardly begun. But we did just allow ourselves time to take a few sprigs of a lovely purple flower growing on a tree there. The blossoms were rather like a horse chestnut in shape and

were in their prime: they made a magnificent show of colour against the sombre-looking pagoda.

Finding it was another five minutes or so to the spot where our boat was awaiting us, I decided to mount my pony again and proceeded to lead him across a one plank bridge. In the middle I felt a sudden tug at the reins of which I fortunately let go. The awkward animal had missed its footing and fallen into the water. The pond was not deep and he dragged himself out quickly but he was covered with a thick coating of mud and my saddle also which was worse. I left him to the mercies of the mafou hoping to find him clean again on my return and continued my way on foot lucky to have escaped with a splashing, for had I held on to the reins, I should have hardly escaped being pulled into the pond too.

We reached the boat, which was anchored a few yards from the shore, by means of a sampan. There were offers in plenty to carry us across the narrow strip of water and these being declined, at least six or seven sampans simultaneously demanded to transport us. We quickly stepped into one, to avoid quarrels and recriminations and were pushed alongside our boat.

There was plenty of animation at this corner of the lake. The sampans trading up and down the canal make a stop there and ferry boats ply between here and the further side carrying the people and their wares to market. One big ferry-boat was just ready to start. It seemed quite full up with men and women who were squatting among their big baskets, many of the women with children in their arms. As each fresh arrival with his load mounted the plank to embark, one wondered where he was to find standing room much less a place for his baskets; but after a few groans and expostulations, he always managed to squat down somewhere and in his turn to disappear among the mass of baskets and big round hats.

So long as there was hope of more passengers the ferry-man would refuse to make a start, for time and punctuality had no value for him when it was a question of a few cents. I mentioned economy as being the motto and watchword of the Chinese but economy of time must be excepted.

It is a well known fact that coolies, even after a long days' work, will go miles out of their way for the sake of getting a meal one cent cheaper.

The boat on which we embarked was one lent us by the French Consulate. It was painted white and had a little cabin with a table and four berths. We seated ourselves on deck and resolved to have lunch and siesta on board before beginning our climb. It was supposed to be a crossing of nearly three hours, so that by having our meal during that time instead of waiting to reach the pagoda, we should be less rushed later and also give ourselves an occupation. Not that we were dull a minute. Before we were a hundred yards from the shore, Mr D. in climbing on to the upper deck, dropped his leather sheathed knife out of his belt into the water. He called out to the rowers but they merely looked blank, so he stepped along the outside edge of the boat balancing himself by a little wooden rail which ran along the deck. Suddenly this rail broke and he fell into the water. Fortunately it was not deep and he was able not only to recover his sheath which was floating but also the knife which had fallen out and had sunk. He clambered into the boat again and a discussion started as to how he should dry his clothes. Mr L. offered his trousers if we would excuse his sitting, in his pants, but after many other suggestions, it was decided that he should take off his wet things and put on M<sup>me</sup> L.'s travelling coat, which she had brought with her in case of cold. He soon reappeared in our midst therefore in an elegantly-cut grey coat which gave him a waist and the figure of a woman. But his bare feet in plaited sandals and half a dozen safety-



pins modestly closing up the gaps between the buttons down the front rather spoilt the general effect.

And he was not single in his misfortune, for not long after Raymond somehow managed to get drenched and had to retire for an hour or so while his clothes dried.

Our boat followed a channel between shoals and masses of bushes and weeds which showed above the surface, for we were crossing the lake right at the Southern end, where it was more like a series of ponds than an even sheet of water. Not that it was the less pretty or picturesque for that. The water was covered with white flowers like flakes of snow, the blossoms just floating on the surface with no stalks or leaves showing. The hills all round the lake were bare and uninhabited but here and there one saw a pagoda perched on a rock or in a dip surrounded by trees. The red paths winding up to them, as well as those leading down into these hollows looked most enticing and made us long to explore them. There were villages dotted all round the lake, towards one of which we were making our way at the foot of the Si-Chan.

Half way across the lake we began to distinguish the group of pagodas we were about to visit. They were built one above the other on the steep hill side and the last and highest, to the right of the others, was cut in the rock itself and overlooked a sheer precipice of some thousand feet.

Though we could not see the path nor the stone steps leading up to them because of the trees, we realized by their position the steep climb awaiting us. And it was a hot day.

At 11. Mr D. and Raymond being once more clothed and dry, we sat down to lunch in the little cabin. Before we had finished we had reached the opposite bank, but we allowed ourselves an hour's siesta and only went ashore at 2 P.M.

A few hundred yards along the narrow, muddy, slippery



THE SI-CHAN TEMPLES.



ON THE WAY TO THE SI-CHAN.



dikes between the rice fields and we found ourselves at the door of the village.

These entrance doors to a village are sometimes very picturesque and often curiously ornamented with stone dragons or other animals. Those of us with cameras "snapped" this one, Raymond making us wait in the hot sun while he climbed on the top or placed himself in extraordinary positions with the object of making our souvenirs more realistic.

As soon as we were out of the village we came upon the first flight of steps. Broad and winding, in the midst of the high grass and over-shadowed by pines, they formed a pretty picture. But we were not allowed to dally for meditation thereon, for Mr D. was pushing on ahead and urging us forward, reminding us how many steps there were (1000 I think) and that our time was limited. This flight was followed by a little winding path, then more steps, another path, then a door, then more stairs, and here we were at a small pagoda or shrine. Before we had climbed twenty minutes we had all found it necessary to divest ourselves of some part of our clothing and had given it to the coolie, who was already burdened with a number of thick coats and scarves in case of our feeling chilly at our journey's end. Conversation turned on the luxury of douches and dry clothes, on the delights of ice and fans, in fact we might again have been in the plains of Tonking.

Reaching a small pagoda about a quarter of the way up, where there was an opening in the trees and a view of the lake, we were told we might have ten minutes rest. I seated myself on the stone parapet of the verandah and looked into the valley. The blue water of the lake was shimmering below us and the fishing sampans were mere specks on the great expanse. Just below us a number of boats were slowly advancing in line probably drawing along a huge fishing net. Every boat was possessed of a bundle of

bamboo sticks, the tapping together of which we could distinctly hear, a proceeding no doubt intended to frighten the fish into the net. We could see the channel we had followed in crossing the lake and the little village where we had embarked.

The trees around us prevented us from seeing Yunnan Fou and the distant hills; it was necessary to climb still higher if we were to get a really extensive view.

But once seated it was an effort to make a fresh move and it was only when every one else had disappeared round the next turning, that I found the energy to jump from my perch. I had nearly caught them up when I heard a smash of glass and groans of despair. I guessed instinctively what had happened, dashed up the last steps two at a time and immediately realized my worst fears! The thermos containing our precious tea was broken and all had disappeared but a tiny trickle which Mr D. was endeavouring to catch in a cup. When the flask refused to yield another drop, five pairs of anxious eyes gazed at the small cup. One of us, I forget who, was afraid of the bits of broken glass so it had only to be shared among four. Somehow it managed to go twice round and expressing ourselves greatly refreshed by these few drops, we continued our way with renewed strength.

We explored each passing shrine probably erected to encourage Si-Chan pilgrims but nothing in them particularly attracted our notice. There were always two or more plaster Buddhas with fiercely staring eyes, huge bellies, and outstretched arms, a few half burnt tapers in an incense burner, and two or three round wicker stools left carelessly here and there.

Finally we came to the principal Si-Chan pagoda which was practically the end of our climb. It was quite a big building with a broad terrace in front supported by a high solid stone wall. From here we had a splendid and extensive view. The light was admirable and even the details of the

villages and hills beyond the lake could be clearly distinguished. No cloud, no haze to blur our vision, it was a day, and of such there are many in Yunnan Fou, when all the details of nature were distinct in the soft yet strong clear light. The dryness of the climate accounts for this clear atmosphere. The lake extended to the right as far as we could see, encircling the foot of the range of hills on which we stood. It is never very broad but is very long.

The roofs of Yunnan Fou were distinctly visible and the Chinese towers and the Governor's residence stood out above the rest. We tried to localize the position of different pagodas we had visited in the neighbourhood of Yunnan Fou, but we could never agree as to which was which even with the help of field glasses and guide books, and we had no resident of the country to whom to appeal. It was impossible to take a Chinese as arbitrator as he would not have understood our pronunciation of the Chinese names. When the provisionsbasket had twice nearly fallen over the parapet, we gave up looking at the view and turned our attention to the pagoda. It was evidently a favorite resort of the richer Chinese. A number were chatting and smoking in one corner. At another table four or five were playing cards. The onlookers seemed as interested as the players themselves. Naturally I could not grasp in so short a time how their game was played, but I could see that they arranged their cards (little narrow slips of horn printed with red or black characters) according to suits and that they held about ten or twelve at the beginning of the deal. They were playing for quite high stakes evidently as silver pieces continually passed from hand to hand. Only sapeks are seen among the gamblers in the streets or on country paths as they throw their dice. The noise and excitement which accompanies such street gambling were absent here. The only exclamations came from the on-lookers, the players themselves were silent.



During our inspection of the premises we came upon real bed-rooms containing beds—these had no mattresses but plenty of rugs and blankets: here and there a man was lying fast asleep.

What amused us very much at this pagoda were the antics of a monkey chained to the parapet. It was a big, strong animal whose fury one would not like to arouse if it had been at liberty. As it was not free to revenge itself for insults, the biscuits which we slowly dealt out to it were accompanied by a good deal of teasing. Our "boy" had unpacked our provision basket and suggested we should here partake of our bread, ham, and other refreshments that we had brought with us, but we preferred to wait till the end of our journey, for the last and most wonderful part of our excursion was still in store. We therefore simply drank the little bowls of Chinese tea which the bonze had had served to us, (very unpalatable because there was no sugar and naturally no milk and it reminded us of the delicious beverage we had lost in the valley) and proceeded on our way. From here the path was cut out of rock, overhanging a sheer precipice. We could only walk very slowly for sometimes it even became a tunnel with little windows, and was so narrow, that one had to squeeze oneself through or bend low to pass. Then again it would open out into a sort of verandah with a narrow edge of rock left for a parapet. We had been told that some people felt dazed and unsteady during these last hundred yards or so but none of us experienced any feeling of this sort, for everywhere there was some sort of jagged rock which acted as a barrier and gave a feeling of security. At the end of this path we came to the last little pagoda, built on a small round open space cut out from under an overhanging rock. A huge highly-coloured Buddha with two other idols occupied the interior and if they were the deities guarding all within their view, their protection extended over a large part of

the province. On the outer rock above, overhanging the precipice, was a niche and in it was enshrined another Buddha, but it was only by leaning with our backs against the parapet and looking straight up-wards that we could see it, and we should never have discovered it if the hotel boy had not pointed it out to us as one of the sights. How it had been possible to place it in such a position was a wonder, though we well knew how willingly Chinese workmen would risk their lives even at such a task for a few pieces of silver.

Here, leaning against the broad parapet (it was agreed that no one should sit on it as it made the rest of us unhappy and nervy) and sitting on the step of the shrine, we eat boiled eggs bread and peaches. Empty bottles and tins for which we had no further use, together with a salad bowl which the boy had broken, were then thrown over the precipice into the depth below. Never had I been at such a height and it made me hold my breath as the objects went hurtling down through the seemingly never-ending space.

We had all put on coats before sitting down, for we congratulated ourselves on the thought that we should here be fanned by the wind coming from the snow-covered peaks of Tibet. We hoped we might have seen them but had to be content with the sight of the road leading to Burma. It was distinctly visible all the way up the mountain side opposite. The fatigue and heat from which we had suffered in our ascent were already forgotten. I am ashamed to relate that we all cut our names in some corner of this wonderful rock. Mr D. even made a drawing of the French flag thus inciting me to draw the British one on a still large scale. After this vandalic proceeding we started on our downward journey. We reached the boat with aching knees and very thirsty, where, reclining in the little cabin, a glass of Saint Galmier was doled out to each. It was the

last bottle and was divided with the greatest exactitude by Mr D. For those who desired it, he added a few drops of red wine pouring it so dexterously that it floated on the top. It is curious that colour should add to the pleasure of taste but for me it certainly does.

When rested, we again perched ourselves on the small deck of the boat to enjoy to the full the perfect evening. As the sun descended lower and lower, the lake and hills changed colour from moment to moment. From blue they turned to purple, from purple to a rich red and at a certain moment there was a wonderful contrast between the foremost slopes, lighted up by the last rays of sun, where every detail was still visible and the distant hills in shade which stood black against the glorious colours of the sky. It was a sunset worthy of the day; as long as any light lasted the purity of the atmosphere was undiminished.

Once ashore the three of us who were on horse-back started off at a quick trot; we did not wish to be caught on the narrow canal path in complete darkness. Unfortunately there was no moon. We had to slow down before our arrival in the town as our ponies stumbled at every step. But as soon as we reached the dimly lighted streets we trotted again, scattering pedestrians right and left and arrived at the hotel with such a clatter that all our friends who were quietly dining rushed to the door to meet us. So triumphant was our bearing that they might well have assumed that the Si-Chan had never been climbed before.



## CHAPTER XV

### A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

IN visiting the different temples of Yunnan Fou and the neighbourhood, I had often noticed that one or more of the ante-rooms had been set aside for teaching purposes. Small tables or desks had displaced the deities and other objects of cult and classes for children were being held.

It is curious to see this enthousiasm for a more modern education gripping the people, particularly when it leads to such use being made of ancient places of worship, which stand for all the most sacred traditions of the race. And yet throughout China such changes are taking place. Learning and scholarship have, as is well known, been most highly prized by the Chinese from earliest times. Success in examinations has always been esteemed above wealth or power, not only by scholars but by the community at large. Many cases are known where men have continued to enter for examinations till the age of 70 or 80. To study is the highest ambition of a great proportion of the population.

It is not surprising therefore that since the Revolution the Chinese Government and Municipal authorities should have tried to modernize their schools and enable this desire for knowledge, formerly only enjoyed by the richer classes, to be within the limits of all.

Yet in the pagodas I only saw classes for boys. Were they doing nothing for girls? Co-education as might be

supposed has never been tried in China. I was told that many girls' schools had been started in Yunnan Fou but though I very much wanted to visit one of them I did not find it so very easy. None of the European residents from whom I sought information seemed to know anything of them.

One day I was taken to call on a Chinese lady, M<sup>me</sup> Chang, by the British Consul's wife and here, thought I, was my opportunity. M<sup>me</sup> Chang had been educated in America where she had taken a degree and when we were shown into her drawing room the most conspicuous objects on the walls were framed portraits of herself and husband in University cap and gown, together with various certificates. She spoke English like an English-woman and I rejoiced in the idea that she might perhaps be my guide. Being herself a teacher in a school of mechanics, I thought she would be interested in the education question and might even be pleased to have the opportunity to show off one of her country's schools.

While sipping our Chinese tea which had been brought in by a young girl in small bowls with the saucer placed on the top, (you are supposed not to remove the saucer, but tip it up just enough to give your lips room on the edge of the cup to enable you to drink), I ventured to turn the conversation on to the subject of schools and make my request.

I was rather taken aback when M<sup>me</sup> Chang, though a member of this extremely polite if not sincere Eastern race, immediately cut me short by saying that the schools of Yunnan Fou did not interest her at all and that she did not approve of the lines on which they were run. What was wrong with them? She gave many reasons but her real grievance against them was that nearly all the teachers had been educated in Japan. She maintained that the students, men and women, who had been educated in Japan returned with a most superficial knowledge and that



IN THE TEMPLE OF 500 GENII. THE BUDDHA WITH A LONG ARM.



THE GOLDEN OX.



IN THE GARDEN ADJOINING THE CONFUCIUS TEMPLE.





GIRLS DRILLING.



THE NORTH GATE OF YUNNAN FOU.



A REVIEW OF CHINESE TROOPS.



THE FRENCH CONSUL M. WILDEN  
AND GENERAL TSAI.

whereas she and her husband had studied so many years in America for certain diplomas, those considered of equal value could be obtained in so many months in Japan. She also spoke bitterly of the students who brought back with them an unlimited admiration for things Japanese and spread foreign ideas broadcast. Japanese methods were not suitable, she insisted, for the Chinese and this cult of all appertaining to Japan was blinding the country to the fact that these neighbours were their greatest enemies.

Her emphatic views on the subject lasted till we got up to go. I wondered what she thought of General Tsai who had received his military training in Japan and who was imparting such training to his troops.

As we took leave she did for a minute remember the origin of this heated tirade and said that if I still desired to visit a school, I had better ask the British or French Consul to apply to the Minister of Education for a permit. As I did not want to trouble anyone further for so small a matter, I gave up all idea of realizing my wish and was therefore all the more pleased when M<sup>r</sup> Cordier, himself the head of a French school in Yunnan Fou, offered to take me to see what he called the Chinese "Ecole Normale". It was the principal girls' school in the town and the training centre for future teachers.

He had never visited it himself but one of his Chinese acquaintances being a relative of the Principal, obtained permission without the need of applying to the Board of Education.

Our young Chinese guide spoke French, while M<sup>r</sup> Cordier spoke French, English, and Chinese, so that language presented no difficulties. The school was in the centre of the town. To the casual passerby, it did not differ from other houses and I was rather disappointed to find no distinguishing marks when coolies set down our chairs at the entrance. We went up some steps, passed between two rooms like

offices with glass windows and doors through which Chinese secretaries or doorkeepers (it is annoying to be so unfamiliar with a people as not to be able to recognize from their clothes and manner the strata of society to which they belong) stared at us curiously. Crossing a courtyard we were taken into a small room almost filled by a long narrow table. We all three sat down on the same side of it and a minute later a big, fat-faced, heavily-built richly-dressed Chinese appeared. He bowed to us, we bowed to him and he sat down opposite us.

Then it was a man and not a woman at the head of this big girls' school? And was this the type of the Chinese scholar? I was astonished having expected a pale, thin, round shouldered individual, emaciated by overstudy and care-worn by the responsibilities of his position. Instead of being sombrely and poorly clad, he was dressed in a blue silk tunic with circle designs and a rich black satin jacket. His slow pompous manner, his swollen heavy eyelids, almost hiding his eyes, denoted the man fond of good living rather than one seeking to disentangle the philosophical problems of this life.

Bowls of tea had immediately been placed in front of us on our arrival and I was just going to drink to fill up a gap in the conversation when I thought I had better first ask Mr Cordier if I might do so with propriety. He replied to my whisper that it was not yet the moment so I leant back again on my hard Chinese chair. I did not want to offend our imposing host by a breach of etiquette.

He did not offer a single remark and answered all our questions in monosyllables. How many girls were there? A thousand. Mr Cordier whispered to me that all Chinese figures must be divided by two. What ages were they? From 8 to 18. Were they all paying pupils? Yes. Then they were of the richer classes? No, they were of all stratas of society.



No remarks or opinions or interesting facts could be dragged from this fat, silent, impassive, expressionless personage. I learnt later that though in charge of the school he was not a teacher. He organized and directed but took no classes. His attitude of indifference was thus partly explained. The position was probably a sinecure which he had obtained during the changes in the Government at the time of the Revolution. No information being forthcoming, we made a move at the first possible moment for our tour round the class rooms. It was evident we must glean what we could from our own observation.

The class rooms did not differ very much from those in the West. They were big, airy, white-washed rooms, with windows open, and a small raised platform at one end with a large black-board for the teacher. There were about 50 girls in each class all sitting at small desks. When we entered they all stood up, bowed ceremoniously and sat down again. While we were there the Professor gained little of their attention. He was giving a lesson in drawing and combining with it one on physiology. He wore huge broad-brimmed spectacles, which gave him a severe expression, but his voice was quiet and slow and he was evidently not so terrible as he looked. He was drawing a man's face on the black board when we came in. Instead of making one oval stroke for the outlines of the cheeks as we should do in a rough drawing, he made two, thus showing the high cheek bones of the Chinese—instead of curved eyebrows he made straight oblique ones. With a few strokes he evolved an unmistakable oriental. He dressed his figure in the hat and robe of a mandarin of bygone days. While drawing the head he dilated on the brain and its connection with the eyes, ears, &c., so that it was rather more than a simple drawing lesson. The children copied the figure on their books, most exactly and dexterously for, using brush and Chinese ink, they could not

correct a stroke when once made as could the Professor who was drawing in chalk. They were not taught to hold their brush European fashion. They grasped it with all four fingers the thumb upwards and held it straight instead of slanting and, what would be an insuperable difficulty to us, they had no support for their wrists. I turned back some of the leaves of their books and looked at former drawings. They were very much after the style of ours but instead of the well remembered swan, cat, and horse, there was a buffalo, a lizard, a round-backed pig, a Chinese soldier and naturally the Chinese Republican flag.

When the figure on the black-board had been finished, the teacher, calling out the name of some girl, asked questions. The child stood up, blushing (till that moment I had never known that an oriental could blush) but never seemed to answer correctly in spite of the whispers of her companions on every side. The scene reminded me of my own school days when I used so to strain my ears for any help which might possibly emanate from my friends, that I quite forgot to depend on myself for the answer. Other pupils were called on, but, probably abashed by our presence, they were in every instance sarcastically told to sit down again and the question was passed on.

All the girls were dressed in the same fashion though shades and materials differed. Blue was the almost universal colour. They wore narrow trousers coming down to just above the ankles which were in all cases bound round with white bands like putties. Their shoes were of all colours and many were richly embroidered. Whereas we take a pride in the ornamentation of collar, cuffs, &c., appendages which seem most to strike the eye, the Chinese woman puts her best stitchery into her footgear. Even in this school where there were comparatively few deformed feet (there ought to have been none considering the age of the children and that the law prohibiting the custom

had been passed several years before), pretty shoes were much in evidence. The little wide jackets, which hung down in straight lines to just below the waist, were made with narrow sleeves and little up standing collars like those of a military uniform.

Their mode of hair-dressing interested me most of all. It was the elaborate neatness of their coiffures that gave them all such a clean and tidy appearance. Among all those girls there was not one who had a hair out of place. In all cases it was plastered down as with a wet brush and plaited into a pigtail or two pigtails behind. These plaits were tied with majenta coloured wool, both quite close to the head and at the ends. Sometimes a strand of this wool might be plaited into the pigtail.

Yet in spite of the uniformity of these plaits, there were a hundred ways of arranging the hair in front and few were alike. Sometimes it was pulled back straight from the forehead equally all over the head with no parting, sometimes it was parted down the middle sometimes down the side. All partings were as straight as possible with the hair brushed absolutely smoothly away from them. Several had a piece of hair taken from one side above the ear and brushed smoothly across the top of the forehead to above the other ear. This was probably in imitation of the head-band which so many girls and women wear in the streets but which were quite absent from the school. Some girls had fringes which were so straight and even, that they resembled wigs. Sometimes, two partings formed a V starting from the crown and coming to a point at the temples, sometimes there were even more than two partings and each piece of hair, thus taken up, was brushed in a different direction. It would have been impossible to reconstruct such elaborate and complicated designs every day and, after examining these coiffures, one could readily understand the use of the porcelain pillow and other devices.



It is necessary that one hair-dressing should be made to last several days.

In another class the children were having a writing lesson and beautiful characters were being inscribed one under the other all down the copy book. We only saw one woman teacher in all the classes we visited. She was evidently in charge of the youngest children. Some were quite tiny mites but they looked as serious as the elder children. They were having an arithmetic lesson I think, as we saw European figures among the Chinese characters on the board. The young Chinese teacher had probably been educated in Japan, as her hair was puffed out in front and arranged in soft rolls on the top of the head, instead of in the tight chignon at the back of the neck in the ordinary Chinese fashion. She was also wearing a black satin skirt instead of tunic and trousers.

The last room we visited was evidently the class-room of the eldest girls, those being trained as teachers. Here the pigtail was replaced by a tight chignon. The lecture was listened to with the greatest attention and our intrusion hardly attracted notice. Most girls were taking notes, not dictated notes, but independent ones of facts they wished to remember. The small complicated but very neat characters, taken down quickly in ink, were in striking contrast to the rough, untidy pencil notes, which the average English girl of the same age jots down during a lecture.

After this we went to see a gymnastic class which was being held in a cement-covered courtyard. About 40 girls were drilling under an instructor. It was really quite amusing to watch them but I do not know from what country they had borrowed their system of drill. They marched in couples keeping time by singing in monotonous tones and formed their many evolutions according to the changes of tune. Occasionally the teacher gave a command

and counted one, two, three, four but the interruption evidently confused them, and if not left to themselves, they were apt to go wrong. It was a drill they knew by heart. They were not taught to hold themselves erect and many of them marched with rounded shoulders or heads down. As a physical exercise it could hardly have been very useful. The girls with crippled feet, even in this slow march, had trouble in keeping up with their companions and necessarily held themselves still less well.

On our return from this display I noticed a room where a number of girls were peeping out through latticed windows. In answer to my questioning glance, the Principal informed us that they were girls who had been naughty and had been locked in there as a punishment. I was truly amazed that these neat, studious, serious-looking children were capable of either mischief or inattention. I had taken it for granted that Eastern keenness after knowledge and the respect for scholarship would be enough to subdue high spirits, without recourse to measures of discipline but from what I now gathered, their behaviour did not differ so very materially from that of European children. They often laughed and talked and squabbled in class and tricks were even played on their teachers. I felt quite relieved!

Our leave-taking lasted several minutes. The compliments which Mr Cordier heaped on the Principal, punctuated here and there by ceremonious bows, (I tried to join in the bows but invariably came in a little late as I did not understand what was being said) had all to be reciprocated. This great man had no intention of allowing himself to be outdone in politeness of language. All the Chinese adjectives denoting admiration and gratitude must have been exhausted when we at last descended the steps and entered our chairs.

It had been an interesting morning. What had surprised

me most was to see men instead of women teachers, but I was reminded that the modern educational movement only started after the Revolution and there had naturally been no time to train Chinese women. In a few years they will probably have supplanted the men in the schools for girls.

Of course the number of boys schools in Yunnan Fou is far greater than that for girls but what country even in Europe has ever done as much for its women as its men? As equality cannot be expected for some time to come, the Yunnanese have a right to be justly proud of their "Ecole Normale".



## CHAPTER XVI

### THE EUROPEAN COLONY OF YUNNAN FOU.

No true idea of Yunnan Fou would be given without mention of the social life of the European Colony. Whether his stay is short or long a visitor leaves there feeling almost overwhelmed by the hospitality shown him.

The first we heard of Yunnan Fou after our arrival in Tonking was in connection with the kindness and cordiality of the French Consul and his wife. Their name was already at that time familiar to us. As soon as we had settled down at our hotel in Yunnan Fou my husband paid an early call, and thereafter we were welcome at the French Consulate any afternoon we liked to go. M. and M<sup>me</sup> Wilden kept open house and tennis and bridge were in full swing from the middle of the afternoon till dinner time. The French, British, and Italian Consuls live in Chinese houses inside the town. No house in Yunnan Fou has a real garden, at least not the kind that the French or English would regard as such. Space is limited within a walled city; nevertheless if houses were built on the same system as ours it would be possible to lay one out. Instead of designing their homes with a regard for compactness and convenience, the Chinese distribute the rooms here there and everywhere and all entirely separate one from another. They build not in height but in length and breadth. For the European it is a curious experience to have to go a considerable distance from dining room to drawing room

or from bedroom to bathroom. I have not discovered a house yet where you can go into every room under cover. Though sometimes rooms run from one into another, more often a courtyard intervenes. Indeed there may be several courtyards which one has to cross and recross many times a day. If it is raining one must go all round under the shelter of the verandah roof. The courtyards are often made bright by one or two beds of flowers and a few small trees, but though sometimes very pretty they never give the idea of a garden such as we understand it because of the high walls all round. One has a feeling of being shut in, which is the antithesis of what an English garden is meant to convey. In England we always want to hide our boundaries and give an idea of distance. If Chinese houses were built in height and all the courtyards thrown into one and the walls pulled down, there would be ample space. Such improvements are out of the question however, as foreigners are only allowed to rent and never to buy their residences, and the Chinese grandees would never permit the slightest change in their property.

The French Consulate is however an exception and can boast of quite a large garden as well as its courtyards. Even after many visits there I found these courtyards most puzzling, and never knew my way once inside the entrance gates. The first time I went alone without my husband, and my chair coolies had swung me through the open, black, wooden doors on which were painted two fantastic highly-coloured ferocious-looking gods of the hearth, I did not recognize my where-abouts at all. They carried me through one courtyard which I at first conceived to be my destination and imagined they were going to put me down, but continued under an arch into another. There I saw other chairs and other bearers and was relieved there had been no mistake and that I was right so far. I extracted myself slowly from my chair, and wondered whether I

ought to cross that third courtyard to the left or go down this little passage to the right. It hardly looked a suitable entrance for it was dark and narrow. Of course I could have asked the Annamese boy who came out of his little sentinel box and saluted all visitors as they passed, but he had seen me so often he naturally thought I knew the way, and I was ashamed to confess my ignorance. I took eventually the narrow passage and was thankful, after peeping cautiously round the corner, to find myself not in a bedroom, kitchen, or stable, but on a square gravelled terrace where a number of visitors were already gathered round the tea and bridge tables. This terrace was quite pretty and was less shut in than in most Chinese houses. On two sides was the house itself with one door leading into the dining room and the other at right angles into the drawing room. The high wall on the third side was hidden by trees, and from the fourth side where we were sitting we looked down on to the cement tennis court. This was also surrounded by walls but the one at the further end, though high, did not hide the distant hills.

The French Consulate is built on a slope in the centre and almost on the highest point of Yunnan Fou, so that from the terrace, which is several feet above the tennis court, one obtained quite a good view beyond the wall. The oppressive, prison-like feeling, common to visitors with no experience of Chinese towns, was therefore quite absent here. One evening in particular I remember the perfect enjoyment which this view gave me.

M<sup>me</sup> Wilden had, on this occasion, invited me to remain behind and dine with them and moreover made me the welcome offer, after a long afternoon's tennis, of a bath and a change. She lent me one of her beautiful Chinese peignoirs, amber-coloured satin lined with light blue silk and a little lace colorette. When ready I went down stairs and lay in a long chair on the terrace while she herself went to dress.



The sun was setting and I shall never forget the slow changes in the sky, colours coming and going, each one always more beautiful than the last. All spread their radiance on the hills. At the last, as the sun sank below the horizon, only the outline of the hills remained visible and it stood out black and rigid against the light beyond. The little Chinese boys, who are always employed to pick up the balls at tennis, and who had been busy putting away net and rackets and arranging the chairs on the terrace in symmetrical order (it required two children per chair) had now disappeared and quiet and silence reigned: not a voice was to be heard, not a breath of wind stirred the leaves of the trees and shrubs. With that glorious sky and that wonderful stillness, how incredible did it seem that within a hundred yards of us there should be those crowded streets and homes teeming with life, and ugly with noise and smells.

By the time my host and hostess joined me the last glimmer of the sunset was disappearing. The electric lights distributed among the trees were now switched on and it was settled we should dine out there on the terrace. Another wonderful spectacle was in store for us. Before dinner was ended the moon was at its height, and so powerful were its rays through the pure clear atmosphere that the electric globes became mere little yellow balls in the trees whose light was wasted.

M<sup>me</sup> Wilden had put on a costume such as is worn by the wife of an Annamese mandarin—black satin trousers and bright blue silk tunic and our oriental costumes helped to make us feel in complete harmony with our surroundings and the soft, pure, radiance of the night. On our departure the night was so lovely that we wished to walk part of the way home but finding that my costume was attracting too much attention from the Chinese in the street, I thought it better to enter my chair again.

It was only after getting to know M<sup>r</sup> Wilden as a host and a friend that I heard of his exploits as a hero. I knew that he had been decorated with the Légion d'honneur at the age of 20 but had never heard exactly why. On the evening to which I have referred above I was told the story. When the Boxer troubles broke out in 1900, he was in Pao Ting Fou, capital of Petchili, as interpreter to the Franco-Belgian Railway Company which was then constructing a line between Pekin and Hankeou. He had passed through the "Ecole des Langues Orientales" in Paris and had only recently arrived in China. As soon as the revolt started, Pao Ting Fou became isolated; the Boxers surrounded the town and the Europeans found their lives threatened. It was then that M<sup>r</sup> Wilden with two engineers of his Company M<sup>r</sup> Chemin Dupontes and M<sup>r</sup> de Rotron decided to make a dash for the coast. They warned the Europeans of their danger and offered to try to take them through to safety. All the white employés of the Company with their wives and children accepted their offer and prepared for a retreat. The English and American missionaries however refused to leave the town and put themselves and their families under the protection of the Viceroy. Thus the little party was obliged to start off without them.

The railway line having been cut by the Boxers it was decided to try and make their escape by boat, sailing down the Pei Ho. One boat containing five Europeans went astray and it became known later that it had fallen into the hands of the Boxers. All the occupants were killed and one man saw his wife tied to a tree and tortured before being himself decapitated. In parenthesis let me say that during this revolt those who knew the true character of the Chinese made up their minds to die rather than fall into their hands. Cases are known of men who, when all hope was lost, and capture inevitable, killed those dear to them and committed suicide.

the examination for admission into the ministry of Foreign Affairs and was sent as a vice-consul to China. His thorough knowledge of Chinese, his tact energy and initiative, procured him rapid advancement. It is rare for so young a diplomat to occupy the position which he now holds. Yunnan Fou is the most important French Consular post in China, the only one which ranks higher is that of Chinese Minister in Peking.

I mentioned above, that besides a French Consul, there is also in Yunnan Fou a British and an Italian Consul. The British Consul Mr Fox and his wife had only been there six months on our arrival but they had had time to become extremely popular not only with the British Colony but with the whole European community. Their pretty dining-room, one side of which was entirely open on to a small garden courtyard, will be long remembered by many friends who have passed delightful afternoons and evenings there. "Bridge" was not only in great vogue there on Tuesday afternoons but the game was also very popular at the French Consulate while the more energetic guests were playing tennis.

These gatherings for "Bridge" and tennis made Yunnan Fou unique for a visitor. A splendid climate, an interesting native town, a treasure house for curio-hunters, good excursions were already more than a fugitive from the hot plains had a right to expect but he found also the most pleasant and hospitable society.

On Sundays there was a deviation from the usual programme. Picnics were the order of the day and parties used to start out from the British and French Consulates and from the French hospital, in chairs, on foot, on horseback to see some pagoda in the neighbourhood. There we would find a long table spread on the verandah and despite the Buddhas staring at us from the dark pagoda, and native men and children doing the same from the corners of the



courtyards below, we would sit down to enjoy our well-earned tiffin and the beautiful view which met our eyes in every direction. The climate of Yunnan Fou is wonderfully stimulating to the appetite and this is enhanced by the variety of good things to be found there. The province seems to produce most things in abundance. We visitors from Hanoi and Haiphong appreciated greatly all the European vegetables and fruit which the provinces of the delta can only grow for five months of the year. And we appreciated still more the pleasure of meals in the open air, to be followed by that of lying down under the pines to sleep, or read, or chat in under-tones. Lying on the short grass or moss, gazing up at the blue sky through the green branches and inhaling the scent of the pines, all that we had lately endured from a stifling atmosphere seemed an impossibility.— Had we imagined that heat which no fans could relieve, that continual perspiration, and that awful torture of a five minutes walk in the midday sun?

I had the good fortune to be in Yunnan Fou on July 14<sup>th</sup>, the great national fête-day of the French. It was celebrated at the French Consulate in a style worthy of their innate sense of the fitness of a great occasion and not only the French Colony but all other Europeans were invited to join in the festivities.

On that morning, Mr Wilden, in his Consular uniform, reviewed the French and Annamese police who form the guard of the Consulate and later received the Chinese authorities and the members of the French or foreign Colony who came to offer congratulations. A toast proposed by Mr Wilden and seconded by General Tsai was drunk to the French President.

All the French residents and many of the Chinese had decorated their houses for the occasion and the French flag was hoisted beside the Chinese flag on the Palace of the Governor General.

In the evening there was a reception at the Consulate. I suppose there were about 50 Europeans there, and everybody expressed astonishment to find we were so numerous. Perhaps it was the largest number of white people ever assembled before in this part of China since the French railway had been inaugurated. Of course a few like myself were visitors to the town but the greater part were residents of Yunnan Fou or on the railway. No one absented themselves from the fête who could possibly be present. All the representatives of the commercial houses were there, English, French, German, American, the British director of the Chinese telegraph Company; the Danish director of the Chinese Customs; the Scotch director of the Chinese Postal services; an Alsatian, who was director of the French Post. Then there were the men connected with the French School, the French Hospital and the Railway Company, &c. Besides these, there were Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries. It might be thought it would be no easy task to entertain so many nationalities with their differences of language and custom, but the popularity of host and hostess smoothed away any such difficulties and the evening was a great success. The concert in which much real and varied talent was displayed, followed by recitations and a play, was much enjoyed by an appreciative audience. A group of uninvited guests gazing through the trellised window of the pretty little stage were as enthusiastic as those of us who were seated in front of the footlights. A number of small native boys and a few chair coolies had dared to make their way into the courtyard and creeping up to the window were watching the performance open-eyed and open-mouthed. Their shaved or close-cropped heads, their dirty little blue tunics and their little yellow faces peering in from the darkness, contrasted sharply with the pretty evening dresses and graceful movements of the performers who were in the full light of the stage.

The concert was followed by a dance. General Tsai and Mr Chang were present, but as mere spectators. They sat in armchairs and gazed impassibly at the whirling couples, nodding assent to any remark that was made to them but proffering no criticism. How I longed to be able to talk Chinese and drag an opinion about our mode of amusing ourselves from the silent, observant, young General. Or still more would I have liked to overhear the discussion which must surely have ensued with the Governor of the town, when at two o'clock they, like ourselves, had taken leave of our host and hostess. But whatever criticisms they made, I am sure they would not have missed their evening, and had enjoyed it as much as we ourselves.

Another very pleasant evening in Yunnan Fou was provided by the manager of the Chinese customs, a young Scotchman, who gave a moonlight dinner party on the lake.

We met at six o'clock at the appointed place on the banks and in two small launches were rowed out to a Chinese house-boat. The Chinese are very fond of spending a holiday on these house-boats, and large families with bag and baggage will often sleep, eat, drink, and smoke, on them in perfect content for a week or so. There are several anchored in different parts of the lake. They are unwieldy, shapeless looking vessels viewed from outside, more like a big room built on a raft than any thing else. Inside they are elaborately decorated, all the woodwork being painted in brilliant colours with the patterns and designs usually seen on the pagoda roofs. The one to which we were invited contained two rooms, the first big with windows all round where we dined and another smaller one which was used as a kitchen. We sat down 20 to dinner. Petroleum lamps were hung over the table, and round about Chinese lanterns swung to and fro and were reflected on the water. I love big Chinese lanterns, especially the bright red and bright yellow ones with their black or dark red swerving



Oriental characters. Every one knows how these Chinese characters can make the simplest board or paper look attractive and artistic.

After dinner those who felt inclined paddled about in sampans but some of us, myself included, felt perfectly happy just reclining at ease and looking over the moon-lit water and toward the hills beyond. The steep precipice of the Si-Chan was plainly visible, though the temples themselves could not be seen.

Everybody regretted when 11 o'clock came and it was time to return. It was one of those calm peaceful nights when it seems wicked to shut one's self into any enclosed space and miss the ever-changing beauties around. Why not reserve for sleep those dreary, cold, or windy nights of which there are so many and enjoy to the full with wakeful senses those which give so much peace and pleasure! But such thoughts are found eccentric and must not be expressed, and we were all rowed back to shore.

Half way to Yunnan Fou, I suddenly found that I was separated from the rest of the party. My chair coolies were carrying me in a different direction. Then I remembered that I was the only person living outside the town and the South Gate, to which they were making their way, would mean a long detour for me. I did not therefore stop my coolies though I had not taken leave of any of the party not even of my host. For a little time our paths were almost parallel and I watched the long snake of Chinese lanterns curving in and out between the rice fields. The chairs of residents are provided with 3 or 4 lanterns each, so that this line of 60 or 70 shining coloured globes made a most striking effect as it wended its way across the moon-lit plain. My chair, being hired, had no lanterns so that while I could see them they could not see me, and very soon they too were lost to view. I passed along a canal bank which I remembered and then through a village. It might

have been deserted for years. Not even a dog barked, all doors were tightly shut and nothing giving an idea of work and life was to be seen. The Chinese are so afraid of being robbed that even their cumbersome pumping machines are not left outside at night. All instruments of labour, all animals, even the wood for fuel are crammed into the tiny home which is not large or airy enough for the family alone. The silence and the black shadows in the brilliant moonlight made a weird impression on me. I did not recognize this village. Was it because it had looked different by day light or because my coolies had crossed it by different streets or was I being . . . ?

I grew nervous, and went hot and cold all over and just then they suddenly stopped and, muttering to each other, deposited my chair on the ground. Where was I? No, assuredly I had never passed through this village before! My worst fears were suddenly confirmed; they had taken me out of my way to rob me or kill me! If I shrieked with all my might, the rest of the party were too far away to hear me, and I felt sure that the closed doors of these Chinese huts would never open before daylight. Even if they did, the people might not help me but take the part of my coolies. In a broken voice I said "Qui Qui" (Quick) the only word I knew in Chinese. The coolie in front of me muttered but did not move. What on earth was the coolie behind doing? Determined to know the worst I resolutely got out of my chair and looked behind. He was squatting on the ground arranging his sandal! Two minutes later I was being carried out of the village on to the canal path again. I had been many times assured that Europeans are perfectly safe in Yunnan and these chair coolies who, by the way had been in my service a month, had been carefully chosen for me and were responsible for my safety. Yet these facts had been powerless to ease my fears during those few minutes. How stupid to allow myself to suffer

so unnecessarily! And yet however much I reason with myself I know the same thing will happen again on the next occasion! I did not meet a single person till I arrived in the town. Even in my own street, leading to one of the principal gates, not a human being was visible right or left while I waited for a response to my banging at the closed door of the Hotel. The Chinese do not care about moon-light strolls, that is evident.

The last three weeks of my stay in Yunnan Fou were spent at the British Consulate. Besides the pleasure of living again with my own countrymen and under my own flag my ambition of residing in a Chinese house was realized.

I loved my little bed room and bath room with their white papered walls. The sloping ceilings were white papered also, making a pleasing contrast with the black painted beams. The windows were low and long, and had the usual wooden trellis-work seen in all Chinese houses. There saw a broad ledge for flower-pots and I enjoyed the beauty of chrysanthemums, zinnias, nasturtiums and balsams and at the same time the scent of violets and lilies. In Yunnan Fou tropical plants thrive side by side with those of a temperate climate.

My windows looked out on to a square stone-paved courtyard. Opposite was the big drawing room, to the right the Consul's Office, to the left other bedrooms and dressing rooms and a dining room. There were four staircases running down into the courtyard. The big dining room and little garden to which I have alluded earlier and where receptions were held were quite apart from this building. With so many doors and so many staircases I was always making mistakes and used to send Amah my hostess's faithful Chinese maid into gurgles of laughter. An Annamese woman will never laugh and rarely smile and the sight and sound of such merriment in a native compensated me amply for the annoyance arising from my errors.



The only parts of a Chinese house which did not meet with my approval were the doors. They opened in the middle like those of a cupboard but had no handles or locks. They were secured by a kind of clumsy wooden bolt or iron loop on the inside but though nobody could then enter, there was always a crack down the middle. Sometimes I found Amah peeping in to see if her knocking at that moment would inconvenience me!

## CHAPTER XVII

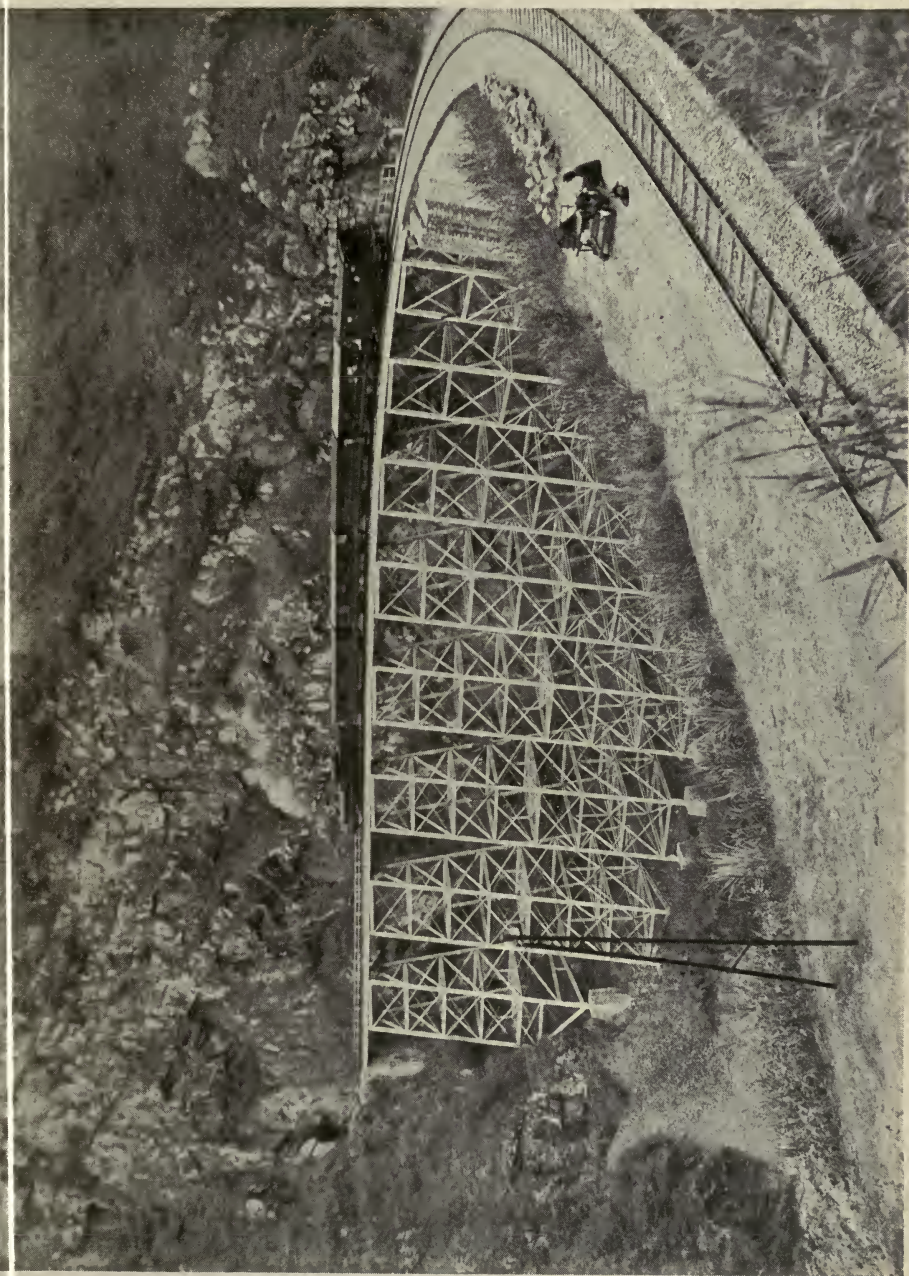
### THE FUTURE OF YUNNAN.

THE Great War 1914—1918 ended, the question of the Pacific comes once again to the fore. Once again the eyes of the World are fixed on China, while the United States and Japan are comparing the growth of their Military and Naval forces.

Of Western Nations, England and France are those most interested in the study of Asiatic problems. The French in Indo-China are well placed to fill an important role. Certain Frenchmen of authority have sought to spread the idea that France should be content with Africa. Their contention was summed up in the formula: "Lâchons l'Asie, gardons l'Afrique!"

But what niggardly and short-sighted aspirations in colonial affairs! If the phrase has been repeated recently it has at least been the means of eliciting a declaration from the French Government which will dissipate all future misunderstanding. In the Chamber of Deputies on June 29<sup>th</sup> 1920 Monsieur Albert Sarraut, Colonial Minister and late Governor-General of Indo-China eloquently proclaimed the integrity of the French Colonies.

"Le temps n'est plus de l'ancienne politique mercantile, de l'ancienne politique d'exploitation, je dirai même des erreurs de la politique d'assimilation. A ces formules, nous avons, depuis un temps assez long, substitué la formule plus heureuse de la politique d'association qui



BRIDGE OF THE 82<sup>th</sup> KILOMETRE.





IN THE HIGH MOUNTAINS OF YUNNAN

considère les colonies non pas comme de simples débouchés commerciaux, non pas comme de simples marchés où l'on va vendre une pacotille en échange d'épices ou de denrées précieuses. Les colonies sont aujourd'hui des entités vivantes, des créations d'humanité. Ce qui fait la beauté même de l'idéal français et de l'oeuvre de colonisation française, c'est que, considérant comme des frères plus jeunes les races qui ne sont pas soumises à sa tutelle, la France les prend par la main pour les conduire vers un autre avenir; elle les associe non pas seulement au partage des bienfaits, des fruits et des bénéfices, mais aussi aux obligations morales par quoi elles prennent conscience de leurs devoirs vis à vis de nous pour la garde et la commune défense du patrimoine solidaire.

Au lendemain des heures tragiques, où toutes nos colonies ont donné, sans compter, le sang de leurs fils, et où l'Indo-Chine, pour sa part, a envoyé ici plus de 120.000 volontaires et alors que les bateaux qui partent de France rapatrient vers la terre natale des Annamites mutilés, couverts de cicatrices, ou les cercueils de ces braves qui, comme notre cher Do Hun Vi, ont donné un si glorieux exemple aux vivants, il est déplorable qu'une voix; même solitaire, puisse s'élever pour conseiller à la France de vendre à l'encan, comme un bétail, les fils d'Asie qui sont venus pour combattre pour elle.

Et puisqu'aussi bien l'occasion m'en est ainsi donnée, il faut qu'une bonne fois pour toutes, et très haut ici, pour que chacun l'entende, il soit répondu par une dénégation formelle du Gouvernement à ces commérages ou à ces campagnes du dedans ou du dehors qui tendent à laisser croire que la France peut vendre ses colonies! La France ne vend pas, n'a pas à vendre ses colonies! La France ne fait pas ce métier!"

The influence of France in Asia has been strengthened

rather than diminished by the War. The prestige of her victory together with her friendship with England insure considerable advantages for a long time to come. She will regain in Yunnan the leading position which is due to her owing to the country's proximity to Indo-China and the sacrifices which she has made in its interests. Japan's dreams of direct control must vanish. As for Germany's hold on various commercial enterprises, it is for ever broken and France will never permit to revive, whatever the new form may be. Before the war there were many German firms at Yunnan such as a cartridge factory, an electric light Company and a very active business in connection with consular representation. It was on Yunnan Fou that the Germans relied for spreading disorder and rebellion throughout Indo-China. They were only partially successful. In 1918 at Binh and Hoang mô near Moncay there was a small rising in which Madame Pivet and Monsieur Leibrecht were carried off as hostages. This incident reminded one of the darker times at Tonking but the movement was not followed up and the Indo-Chinese population gave proof of their loyalty. In Laos too, German Officers with a small following succeeded for a time in holding part of the country by means of a line of trenches near the High Mekong.

The Japanese had considerably increased their influence in Yunnan as in the other provinces of China during the war. In 1916 they sent some officers there as instructors and technical advisers, without however attempting to interfere with French control. It must be remembered that General Tsai was pro-Japanese and had received encouragement from his friends in Tokio during his campaigns in Setchouen and Tibet. And the position of Japan is still very strong in Yunnan.

France has quite recently obtained permission to send a French Military Mission there. Its work cannot fail to be



extremely useful. It is much to be desired too that other hospitals should be built like the one at Yunnan Fou which makes French science admired and respected.

France cannot dissociate herself from the future of Yunnan. She must follow its movements both economic and political, for they have by no means yet attained any degree of stability. Yunnan is the most independent province of China, and would be a danger to Indo-China if it was completely detached from the Confederation for it would certainly become a centre of unrest and anarchy.

During the European war Yunnan served more than once as the battle ground between the various armies of China. In the early part of 1917 the Yunnanese commanded by General Tcheng Kiong Ming was defeated by the army of the North. On April 11<sup>th</sup> however they gained a victory at Tienpe. On August 31<sup>st</sup> 1917 Yunnan with the provinces of Kouang and Koueitchou became incorporated with the Southern or Canton Government which recognised Sun Yat Sen as President. It has been said that it is Japanese loans which enable the Civil War to continue. The North seems now to have the stronger military force. The struggle will doubtless only end when the Great Powers intervene.

Just lately (June 1920) we were told that hostilities had broken out afresh and that a rebel army was marching on Peking. Europe should follow events attentively for it might be the origin of another anti-foreign movement like that of the Boxers.

China has not escaped the universal upheaval which has followed the great War 1914—1918. The Peace Conference in assigning Chantung to the Japanese has displeased the Chinese who have refused to sign the Versailles Treaty. As a result of this policy, we might see them, victims as they deem themselves of European and American deception, forming a panasiatic movement under the direction of Japan. China is undoubtedly too weak to be dangerous

for some time to come but one must not forget that it is the most populous country in the world with its 400 million inhabitants spread over a surface of 11 million square kilometres. It is the richest in minerals. Their first Dynasty goes back to 2200 B.C. and their history has no parallel. Though the past weighs heavily on China she is nevertheless in process of an evolution which will radically transform her and build up again her national unity.

China has been a Republic since February 1<sup>st</sup> 1912. The reforms in administration, education and legislation have produced extraordinary results. The building of railways goes on apace. In 1914 a French Company obtained permission to lay down the Chu Ling Yu line which would connect the port Yantchéou (Kouangtoun) with Yunnan Fou and another which would cross the Yangtse at Sui Fou and thus connect Yunnan Fou with Tchong Kung. The War interrupted many undertakings and among them the "German Transcaucasian", a line for which M. Duboscq was responsible and which was to go from Tchengtou in Setchouen through Hankeou to Canton.

China is then an essential factor in the near future of the world. The struggle for the Pacific will be a struggle for China. China, while following her own destiny, needs nevertheless the help of such foreign powers as England America and France both to carry out her great economic enterprises and to instruct her in modern science. What a prodigious field of activity where the treasures wasted in war might have been so much better employed! With no ulterior motive of domination each friendly power must localise its efforts. France who has great interests in Indo-China and who has already given proof of her capacity to collaborate with the Southern provinces must be responsible for Yunnan.

The future of the province is bound up with that of Indo-China. They have a common destiny by reason of their

geographical position and of the railway in the making of which France has turned the natural lie of the land to the advantage of both countries.

The natural resources of Yunnan are not well known. The following table gives an idea of her export of metals shipped at Haiphong.

	1916		1917	
Antimony	2.800	pecules	410	pecules
Copper	400	„	103	„
Lead	13.236	„	10.237	„
Mercury	34	„	46	„
Tin	115.293	„	185.634	„
Zink	10.012	„	1.933	„

Between Yunnan and Hongkong exports amounted to 13.684 tons in 1917 and 10.801 tons in 1918.

The circulation in francs from Indo-China to Yunnan amounted to 79 millions in 1916 and 98 millions in 1917. Between Yunnan and Hongkong transactions in minerals, metals, and skins, amounted to a sum of 13 million francs in 1917.

Yunnan is taking its full share in the expansion of foreign commerce which is so notable a feature in China since the War. In 1918 it registered its high water mark.

The mining industry of Yunnan is also developing rapidly. Most of the Chinese tin goes to Hongkong where it is analysed. In 1916 the value of Yunnan tin was a million gold dollars. By 1917 it was three times as much while during the first nine months of 1918 tin worth 13 million dollars (gold) arrived at Honkong. England and America have sent out engineers to prospect and competition is keen. The famous tin mines of Kocleou, near Mongzeu, are being worked by Americans. When the French authorities of Indo-China remonstrated on this account with the Chinese Government, the answer came back that although the French might certainly claim prior rights according to the Agree-



ment of 1917, they had never made use of their advantageous position. The same thing applies to the silver mines of Tang Yueh where the Chinese have been forced to employ other engineers than French. If France is not to lose all her mining prerogatives here, she must hasten to reserve for herself the direction of the copper mines as well as the coal and antimony mines which still remain unworked.

The results of the first mining enterprises were disappointing. A reaction has now set in however and there is no lack of encouraging signs. But methodical research is indispensable and for this purpose a laboratory of mineralogy has now been set up at Mongzeu.

Important hydraulic works have been undertaken by the French both for land irrigation and for electrical purposes. Here are openings for French activity and it would be well to attract towards the French schools in Tongking the many young Chinese students who will be the engineers of the future. It is these men who will later inspire their country with new life and ideas. At present they tend to flow into the schools and colleges at Hongkong.

If France means to maintain the first place in Yunnan which is her right, she will have to strive for it more and more. International commerce in China is ever on the increase and if France fails to profit by her influence in Indo-China and by the rights granted her in the treaties in the last twenty years, she will soon be out-distanced.

China is attracting the capital and energy not only of all European nations but also of Japan. England and America, no sooner freed from one dangerous rival, are immediately recognising another in the Japanese whose influence through her penetration into China has extended greatly during the war.

With its 400 million inhabitants China is the greatest market in the world. It is a country of rapidly changing and of unlimited needs. Its industrial future is assured

owing to its considerable mining wealth. It is estimated that there is enough coal in China to provide for the whole world for ten centuries.

The home policy of China has not regained its normal equilibrium. Anxiety as to the results of the continual internal disorders would in most cases be discouraging to big enterprises, but what looks to us as serious agitation does not greatly disturb the mass of the Chinese people. It is all on the surface. It would need far more than this to create a real upheaval, though the struggle between North and South is always on the verge of breaking out again and though Bolshevistic influences are making themselves felt at Peking.

The schism between North and South still exists and Canton sets itself constantly in opposition to Peking. In defiance of the President of the Chinese Republic Hsiw Chew Tchang whose head quarters are at Peking, the president of the Canton Parliament, Sun Yat Sen acts as the chief of the confederated provinces of the South. No hostilities are in progress in the present year, 1921, but the hopes which were expressed lately of a definite understanding between the two Chinas have not yet been realised.

The conference for this purpose at Shanghai was not successful. In addition to this latest rivalry, the provinces of the South are continually fighting among themselves and it is indeed only by taking advantage of these quarrels that Sun Yat Sen can maintain his authority. Kouang Si is always at war with Kouang Toung. The leaders of the Yunnan Koueitcheou group are aiming to transfer the seat of Government from Canton to Yunnan Fou. At the present moment Setchouen is at war with Yunnan and Koueitcheou.

To complicate matters still more Sun Yat Sen has entered into relations with Lenin and has sent an ambassador to Soviet Russia. Doubtless the new Communists of Russia and those of China who uphold the communistic ideas of

centuries have many characteristics in common but certainly the former have not reached the standard of the latter.

While the South continues to be troubled by struggles between province and province, the North is at present quiet. Will this peace last? One cannot say. Many occasions for discord exist between the different military chiefs who share the real power, a power which is merely supported by the bayonet. The Mandchou party is now in power. That of the Anfou Club or the pro-Japanese has been defeated and its chief Touan Tsi Jouei has retired, giving place to Marshal Tchang Tso Lin governor of the three Mancheou provinces. This man, a highway robber in his youth still remains in Moukden but it is said that he intends one day to march to Peking and to restore the monarchy. Even supposing he elects to remain quiet, there may be trouble still from General Tsao Kouen his illustrious partner who helped him to the presidency of the Anfou Club. Tsao Kouen resides near Peking at Pao Ting Fou and might arrive first upon the scene. Moreover in the next general elections he hopes to take office as Vice-President of the Republic, a fact with which Marshal Tschang Tso Lin is not at all pleased. The smallest spark might set the powder alight. The president Hsiw Chew Tchang and the Peking Government would be alike helpless to prevent military rebellions and save the country from bloodshed. They cannot even attempt a show of opposition to the plans of Sun Yat Sen in the South.

The present quiet which reigns in China is mainly due to the disastrous drought in the northern provinces. A telegram on March 28, 1921 announced that in the province of Chen-Si 50000 inhabitants have died of famine.

Among the nations claiming a share of influence in China, Russia may play an important part. In spite of the troubled period through which she herself is passing, good relations have always been maintained between the two countries.



The Soviet Government has constituted a "Republic of the Far East" in Siberia between Lake Baikal and the Pacific and given it almost complete independence. Its present High Commissioner, Yunin, is very active and is negotiating treaties at Peking which are most advantageous to the new Republic.

The zone of French influence is in South China. French methods give greater hope of peace and security than those of Russia in the North. French influence is especially strong in Yunnan as we have already said, owing to its proximity to Indo-China and to the railway which joins them. The separatist movement in Yunnan also helps to unite them. Yunnan has always shown great independence in her attitude towards China. She hates the mandarins forced upon her by Peking or Canton. She resents the intrusion of Chinese from other provinces. During her long history Yunnan has struggled continually for freedom. When Monsieur Doumer was Governor-General of Indo-China, there were attempts to unite Yunnan to the French Colony. For the climate of Yunnan, thanks to its high situation, is not unlike that of France and would well suit the French race. Moreover they could have settled there without detriment to the scanty native population. In 1900 Monsieur Doumer was ready to occupy Yunnan. The consent of all the foreign consuls had been obtained. He then referred the project to his Government who, however, raised the objection that there would be difficulty in overcoming the Chinese forces in Yunnan as nearly all the French troops in the Far East were at that time at Peking. As a matter of fact the objection did not hold good; the Governor-General knew the value and number of the Chinese soldiers in Yunnan for in order to keep them quiet it was he who was paying them.

Times have changed. In the last twenty years, China has undergone the most important evolution in her history and her outlook is transformed. France too does not now seek

territorial expansion. She is content with a policy of influence and a commercial understanding.

France has always been in sympathy with a western education for China. During the last century she did much to attract Chinese students to her country while, among Frenchmen, the study of Chinese art and literature was much in vogue. Greater intimacy would be a mutual gain for each country. Monsieur Painlévé's mission in China was very successful. First hundreds and now thousands of young Chinese students have been entering French schools and universities, and they are quickly imbibing not only her methods but her spirit.

Long before the war France already had flourishing institutions in China. Legendre in Tchoung King, Dupuy in Canton, Vadon and Le Dentu in Yunnan Fou, increased her influence. The hospitals of Yunnan Fou and Mongzeu have done their part in raising her prestige. A number of German educational institutions are now also being taken over by the French.

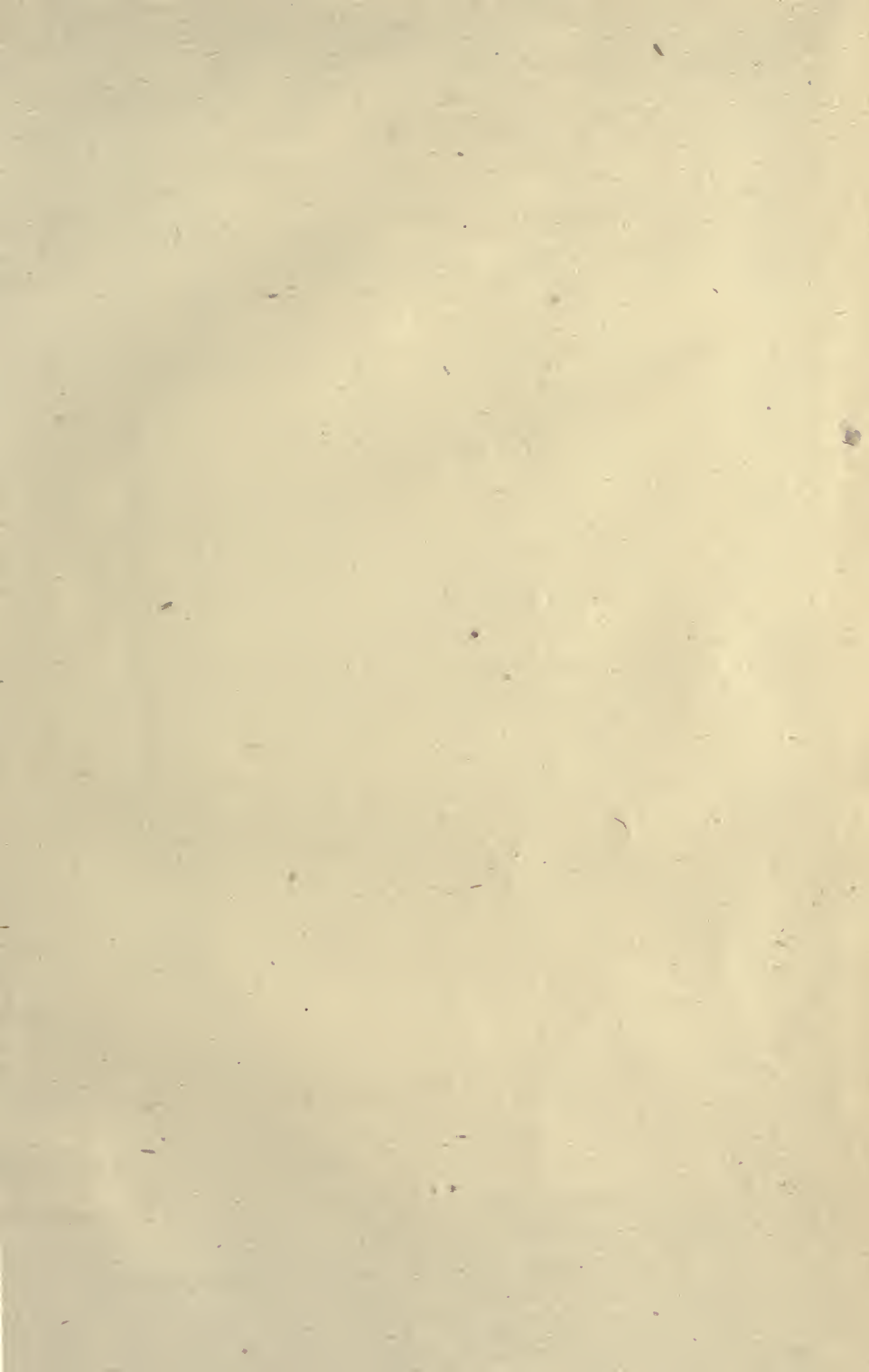
Certain military schools at Peking, Tientsien, Tsi Nan Fou, Makin had engaged Germans to train young officers for the army. Count Rex, the ex-German ambassador at Peking succeeded in making the German language obligatory in Chinese universities; he encouraged the foundation of Chino-German schools, providing grants through banks and commercial houses. One of these schools was opened at Tcheng Tou in Setchouen, which borders on Yunnan. In Kiaw Tcheou a German Colony, German instruction was not surprising but it was strange to find such a school on the French concession of Shanghai. It was first a hospital, then a school of medicine was added, and later an industrial school which trained engineers for electrical railways and mines. This school has been specially referred to in the Versailles treaty. Germany is to give it up to the French and Chinese Governments.

In China, the power given by education cannot be over-rated. The respect due to the master is on an equality with that given to parents. France recognises this fact and is wise in her desire to attract to her schools and colleges in Indo-China and France Chinese youth from whom the governing class will later be recruited. The advantages of her moral influence are far-reaching for French prestige is already preponderant in South China and as the Yunnan railway extends reaching the banks of the Yang Tse Kiang at Sin-Fou and Tchoung King her sphere of influence will follow in its wake. When the line is completely finished it will join up the gulf of Tonking, Petchili, and the Yellow Sea and branches to the North will draw the commerce of Tali and Semaou.

A great future is then open to Yunnan. The foregoing glimpse at the political situation shows Yunnan already in no unfavourable position. When, with the help of Indo-China, she is no longer commercially isolated but united to the rest of the world by her railways, she may indeed become the most important province of China and Yunnan Fou aspire to supplant Canton as the capital of Southern China.













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